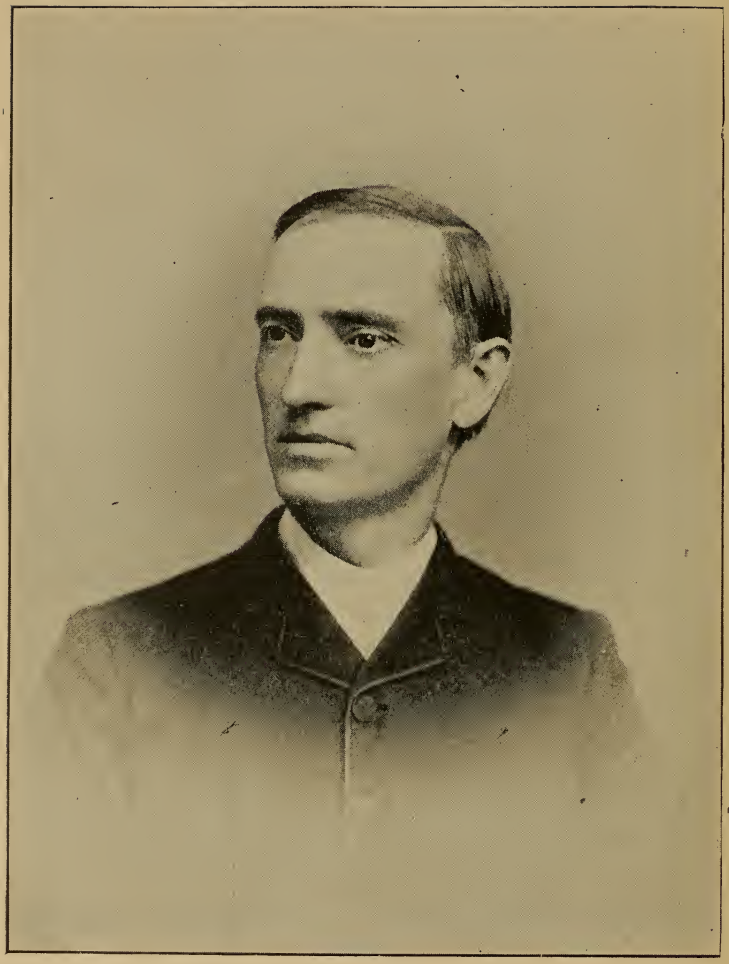
Musings on the Way

E. C. KIRK

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. PS3521 Copyright No.
Shelf .I67M8
1900
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



S. C. Kirk

MUSINGS ON THE WAY

BY
S. C. KIRK

1900
A. H. Sickler & Co.
Philadelphia

TWO COPIES RECEIVED,
Library of Congress
Office of the
APR 21 1900
Register of Copyrights

PS3521
.I67M6
1900

61109

COPYRIGHTED 1900
BY
S. C. KIRK

SECOND COPY,

PRESS OF
A. H. SICKLER & CO.
514-516 LUDLOW STREET
PHILADELPHIA

4397
Feb. 17,
1900.

PREFACE

SOME of the poems contained in this volume having been so kindly received in the form in which they originally appeared, the author ventures to call the fugitive verses home, and to send them forth together in a new dress. Many of the poems, however, including "Barivah," appear in print for the first time. Conscious of having at least tried to sow a little seed by the way, the author submits his book to the public, sincerely hoping that his "MUSINGS" may find a permanent place in the hearts of his readers.

S. C. K.

Philadelphia.

CONTENTS

PART I

PAGE

Barivah 13

PART II

A Heart Thought 49

On the Shore 50

Belshazzar's Feast 52

The Beauty of the Lord 54

A Common Creed 56

I Live It All Over Again 58

Stranded 62

The Valley of Believing 64

Thou Didst Think of Me 65

Do It Now 67

The Harvester of Days 68

Forward in His Name 71

She Hath Done What She Could 73

At the Forks 74

Chautauqua Hymn 77

The King of the Ivory Palace 78

All Along the Way 79

Thanksgiving Hymn 80

Triune Prayer 82

PAGE
Mae 82
Man Was Not Made to Mourn 84
When Far Astray 87
The Children's Jubilee 88
Forbearance 89
True Wisdom 91
O, Let Its Soft Billows Roll In 92
Through the Valley of Baca 93
It Has Gone 95
The Missionary Pioneer 96
Joy Up There 99
The Sky 100
God's Chosen Land 103
When Thou Passest Through the Waters 105
"I'm Glad I Came to Jesus" 107
Welcome to a Pastor 109
What Shall You Answer Him? 110
A Welcome 111
On the Sidin' 112
The Vanished Hand 118
An Aspiration 121
Forget It 122
The Christ Appears 124
The Star of the East 126
Jesus for All 127
The Wondrous Song 129
The Magi's Gifts 131

PAGE
Easter Morn 133
To a Youth 135
Epigram 135
One Thought 135
Last Leaf of My Diary 136

PART III

Golden Bells 139
Under the Linden 148
Elnathan's Wooing 157

PART IV

The Ruling Passions 171
The Tide to Fortune 177
To the Snow-Flakes 179
Criticism 180
Temperance Song 182
Only a Smile 184
Lines to S. H. H. 185
New Year's Eve 187
Boys' Holiday Song 189
To Corinne 191
My Childhood Home 192
The World Would Profit By It 195
To Amabel 197
Over At Last 198
The Old and the New 200

PAGE
A Voice from the Urn 203
The Money King 205
The King and the Saint 207
Lines to Ina 211
India's Cry for Bread 214
Never in "Now" 215
Harold's First Year 216
Memorial Day 217
What Makes a Scot? 220
On the Advent of a Little Boy 222
A Lament 223
A Truth Half Told 225
The Bachelor's Broken Vow 226
The Rum Crusade 228
A Birthday Wish 230
To Lizzie 231
On a Short Acquaintance 231
A Valentine 232
A Lost Day 232
Fret To-morrow 233
Epitaph—John D. Williams 233
Burns 234
Charade 235
Prefer To Be Right 235
Invocation 236

PARTS

I. Barivah
II. Upward Thoughts
III. Wedding Bells
IV. Miscellaneous

PART I

BARIVAH

BARIVAH

THOU HAST VISITED ME IN THE NIGHT—Ps. xvii, 3

"I HAD a dream which was not all a dream;"
I was not on the earth, nor did it seem
That yet my earthly labors were complete,
For heavy on my heart I felt the weight
Of tasks, though long begun, as yet undone;
For flesh is weak, and weary hands weigh down
The wings of Faith that try to mount the skies,
And to our hearts' requests bring down replies.

For twenty years or more I preached the Word
And told the power of a risen Lord;
In weakness oft the word had been declared
And oft in judgment, doubtless, I had erred.
And yet, as now I retrospect those years,
I say, and speak as in the Master's ears,
That never from the day he bade me go
And preach a free salvation, until now,

Have I forgot my ordination vow;
Alas! I thought, in all those years,
What little fruit, though I have sown in tears!

Last night, with aching heart and throbbing brain
I pleaded with the sinner, but in vain;
And when I left the sanctuary's door
I said: "O God, how can I serve Thee more?
I've gone forth weeping and returned again,
But in my hand brought not one sheaf of grain:
My heart is sick, O Lord, and well nigh broke,
And now, from out the depths, do I invoke
Thine ear; if Thou dost really own my poor
Unfruitful work, seal Thou, O God, this hour,
My holy warrant with Thy Spirit's power.
If, as a tiller of the Master's ground,
I've scattered aught but Gospel seed around,
Or, as a watch upon the walls of Zion,
I've given forth uncertain sounds or sign,
Make me, O Lord, to know mine error now,
That I resign to other hands the plow;
So that when Thou the Master of the field,
Shall come inquiring for the harvest's yield,
Thou mayst rejoice to find Thy garners filled.

Thou knowst my heart, O God, and thou dost know
That whereso'er Thou sendest I shall go,
Content to be where Thou canst use my all,
Though but an armor bearer to a Saul.
But now my soul is sick, my heart is weak,
And I shall die unless Thou deign to speak."
And with this prayer I lay me down and sought
A respite from the weariness of thought.

When almost overburdened with the strain,
'Tis strange how sleep eludes the tired brain;
We linger as on a chaotic brink—
'Tis hard to think and harder not to think;
And yet, sometimes, as though an angel blest
Was keeping vigil o'er a soul distressed,
The weary brain is gently, sweetly fanned
Into the quiet shades of slumberland.

And thus it was that I had scarcely pressed
My aching brow upon its downy rest,
Than I had passed behind the shadowy screen
Where Sense is lost and Fantasy reigns queen.

What *is* the Real, and what its boundary line,
No one as yet has ventured to define;

What sense cannot discern, nor law explain,
We simply call a fancy of the brain ;
Yet in that realm so often laughed to scorn
The fate of men and nations has been born.
But mark you well ! I would not think it wise,
To nestle every wayward bird that flies ;
Nor would I slight with a disdainful ear
Each airy wing that flits through Dreamland's sphere,
Lest unawares sometime I let go by
A silent *message-bearer from the sky ;*
And that is why I venture now to write
And ask you read this vision of the night.

Weary, as I have said, I sought
A respite from the cares of thought.
Scarce had the veil of Sense been drawn,
Than light within began to dawn.
I saw the King of Day arise
And tint with gold the eastern skies ;
And as he mounted high, and higher,
He left behind a path of fire ;
I saw him touch the western hill,
The path of fire descending still,
And when he passed beyond my eye

The burning trail had spanned the sky.
I watched to see the band of light
Dissolve into the shades of night;
But, lo! instead, the belt became
A wider, deeper, brighter flame!
'Twas night, if set of sun means night;
'Twas lustrous day, if day means light—
For never was a day more bright.

Transfixed in awe, yet not with fright,
I looked and wondered at the sight;
And as I looked, with will nor power
To break the silence of the hour,
I saw arise before my sight
Four walls of stone of marble white.
The quiet air was not disturbed
By voice of man, or beast, or bird,
As stone on stone, ascending space,
In silence took its ordered place,
Till rising high, and high, and higher,
I saw it capped by dome and spire.
Instinctively my head was bowed,
My knees upon the dewy sod;
For lo! there stood, within a rod,
A temple of the living God!

While thus in solemn thought I knelt,
A hand upon my head I felt;
I did not move; the very air
Seemed stilled in reverential prayer;
And then a feeling o'er me stole
That had not yet possessed my soul;
A sense of dread—a solemn fear
As of some awful presence near.

If chosen, holy men of old
Dared not the living God behold,
Nor dared on hallowed ground to put
The mark of a presumptive foot;
If HE in his offended wrath
Would send an angel on his path
To smite with a devouring breath
Full fifty thousand souls in death,
Because the holy things concealed
Within the ark had been unveiled
And to an impious eye revealed;
Or, if a thoughtless touch called forth
Jehovah's quick consuming wrath,
Oh, why should man like I presume
That mine be not an Uzzah's doom!

" 'Tis well," a voice above me said,
The hand no longer on my head ;
" Thou doest well to veil thy face
In reverence in this hallowed place ;
But wherefore should thy heart be here
Constrained to reverential fear ?
Are not God's temples everywhere
The shrine of worship and of prayer ?
How vain, if God fill not the place,
We enter there to seek His face !
But if the Holy Presence deign
Within an earthly court to reign,
What vain presumption ! Man to dare
In levity to enter there !

' Thou shalt not take His name in vain ;'
Is't less His temple to profane—
The place where hungry souls are fed
By Christ himself with living Bread ;
Where men receive the eucharist,
And little ones are held for Christ ;
Where weeping sinners cry to heaven,
Or praise their God for sins forgiven ;
Where hearts in wedded love unite

And heaven records the solemn plight,
And where the last sad rites are said
Ere ye entomb your coffined dead?—
When carnal things His Courts debase,
Shall not Jehovah hide his face?
Behold the open Temple door!
Pass thou within, woulds't thou know more."

The name, nor whence the voice that spoke,
I did not know nor dared invoke;
If corporal form, it quick had flown,
For when I looked I stood alone.
But whether form or shade I heard,
I felt the sting of every word.
There is in every life an hour
When, like a flood, some outward power
Sweeps through the soul's intensest part,
Subdues the will and melts the heart;
And impotent to disobey,
We bow submissive to its sway;
So now, the words had scarcely more
Than fallen on my ear, before
I stood within the Temple's door.

I've knelt in modest country pew
And worshiped God among the few ;
In grand cathedral I have bowed
And paid my homage with the crowd.
But ne'er was holy edifice
So beautiful and grand as this.
From outer hall or corridor
There opened wide one spacious door.
And many a worshiper about
I saw pass by me in and out.
And as they passed, " How strange," I said,
" That men who carry hearts of lead
Should move, with such a load of care,
So slowly to the house of prayer,
But run with busy feet along
In haste to join the worldly throng!
Thus day by day, more toil, more cares—
Swift to the world and slow to prayers."

I passed with musings of this sort
Into the Temple's spacious court.
Beneath the dome I stood amazed—
Its grandeur awed, its vastness dazed!
From frescoed dome and stuccoed wall,

I saw great lights in splendor fall.
Broad aisles, with costly carpets spread,
From portal to the chancel led.
Its pillared aisles on either side
Were cut by transepts long and wide;
Within a vaulted, wide arcade,
With richest garniture inlaid,
On either side, a holy rood,
The altar's sacred settings stood,
Where, kneeling in his wonted place,
The man of God, with up-turned face
Petitioned loud the throne of grace.
Surely, I thought, 'tis here men laud
And magnify the name of God.

When he had read the sacred Book
And looked to heaven to invoke
A blessing on the Bread he broke,
I saw in pews of cushioned ease
Some bended heads, some bended knees;
But more there were whose attitude
Betrayed no reverential mood.

But what avails the suppliant limb
Unless our souls are bowed to Him?

No Formalism's subtle art
Can hide the treason of the heart.
The great Jehovah may not brook
Irreverence to His house or Book,
But he who *plays* Religion's role,
In which is neither heart nor soul,
Deceives not God—it may be worse—
It may return to him—a curse!

Devoutly in their songs and prayers
I tried to join the worshipers.
But like a wounded lark which tries
So hard to reach its native skies,
My soul essayed in vain to rise.
I saw, as 'twere, the prayers of men
Ascend towards heaven and fall again;
I saw the smoke of incense rise
And dissipate before my eyes—
I heard the organ's mighty swell,
And every note seemed like a knell;
I heard the choir in sweet accord
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord;
But, as the waves that strike the coast
Recede and are forever lost,

I thought the heart-waves of the song
Moved for a while upon the throng,
Then, ebbing, sought their native home
And left behind but rhythmic foam.

What weighted down these prayers of men
As they essayed to reach the skies?
Why rolled the song-waves back again,
And why did not the incense rise?
With heavy heart I queried thus,
And sighed that there should be, alas!
Between the heavenly throne and us,
This veil—this canopy of brass.
Then came into my mind a thought
'Tis almost sacrilege to write:
Perhaps these worshipers have brought
Their tithes to prove God's Truth and Might,
And He has failed—has failed at last
To keep his promises to men!
Then prayer is but a breath that's past—
Past, never to return again.

God fail! in jot or tittle fail?
And if in part, why not in whole?

And if in whole! Well may I quail
When such a thought assails my soul!
God fail his promises to keep?
The seed forget to grow and bear?
The sun forever sink to sleep,
And man return—to what and where?

My soul revolts! It is not so!
It cannot be, it cannot be!
My every instinct whispers, No,
God ever lives and cares for me.
The rain still falls, the sun still shines,
The flowers bloom, the fields still bear;
On every hand a thousand signs
God's everlasting love declare.

Oh, then, if God still clothes with green
And bathes the fields with sun and shower;
If still the sparrow's fall is seen
And every fading summer flower,
Why should I fear, why am I led
To doubt the Master when he said:
Oh, how much more shall ye be fed
Who trust Him for your daily bread?

No: when I seek His grace and fail,
It is not that His arm is slack,
Nor that He wills to draw the veil
And keep the asked-for blessing back.
True prayer is like the air, which seeks,
When pure, the mountain crest to girth,
But when with fetid breath it reeks,
It presses close to mother earth.

The scene had so intensely wrought
This trend of moralizing thought,
I had not watched the moments fly,
Nor seen the worshipers pass by;
Nor from my reverie did I wake
Until a voice beside me spake:
"Arise, make room! this is no place
For serious thoughts, nor solemn face."
I quickly rose, and thought, "Who dare
Speak thus within the house of prayer!"
I stood amazed! I saw no sign
Of priest, or worshiper, or shrine!
An hour had scarcely passed away
Since I had seen men kneel to pray,
And lo! within that hour or two

The temple had dissolved from view!
And in its place—what! does my sight
Delude, or do I hear aright?
Ah, how my heart had been relieved
Had eye and ear been both deceived!

I stood in spacious hall among
A merry crowd of old and young.
The scene was bright with Fashion's glare
In which a thousand aids had share;
For Art had sought, with wondrous grace,
To gloss the charms of form and face,
While many a jet of crystal light
Shone down upon the wanton sight;
And as the revelry advanced,
Above the merry crowd there glanced,
In burnished letters from the wall:
"The Social Club's Imperial Ball!"

As now the gaieties advance,
And the wild music of the dance
Rolls its voluptuous notes along,
I mark the faces of the throng.
Do I mistake? for I confess

That mid the blandishments of dress,
And all the glamour of the place,
Identity is hard to trace;
But I am sure that through the maze
Familiar faces meet my gaze.

Ah, now, it all comes back to me—
The Temple, song and reverie!
Yes, these were they who bended low
With me in prayer an hour ago,
Beseeching God to bless and cure
Their sin-sick souls and make them pure;
'Twas they who sang: "Thy kingdom come,
And let thy righteous will be done
In all the earth. Purge Thou my heart
From worldly dross, and let me start
This day to live the better part."
'Twas they who prayed an hour ago:
"Lord, teach me now mine end to know."

How can it be? Can thoughts like these
Engage a soul upon its knees,
One day, then worldly passions reign
Till Sabbath-day returns again?

The mother bird had ne'er caressed
The little brood within her nest,
Had she been more disposed to roam
Than warm the little eggs at home;
The clouds that gambol in the sky
With every wind, are mostly dry.

Between the rocks on mountain side
A little stream was seen to glide;
With good intent it hastened down
To bless some thirsty vale or town.
Attracted by the marsh below
It stopped awhile and said: "I trow
'Tis just as near by yonder fen
As winding round the mountain glen;"
So saying, through the wide morass
The little brooklet sought to pass;
Alas! all failed that ever tried—
The marsh lived on, the streamlet died.

So, also, many a thought is born
Pure as the lily of the morn,
But touched by some vile, carnal blight
It withers in a single night;

Or often, idly brushed away,
It dies of slow, but sure decay.
Sometimes the world, its vain pursuits
And fond delights, pluck up its roots;
But whether scorned or crushed, it lies,
It matters not—the good thought dies.
What hopes die with it, who can say?
But this I know; some future day,
When most of life behind us lies,
These ghosts of murdered hopes will rise;
Nor will they be by death entombed;
In the dark regions of the doomed,
The ghosts of smothered thoughts will haunt
And phantom hopes forever taunt—
'Twill be the worm that never dies,
The deep, unbridged abyss of sighs!

I looked upon the scene and sighed!
How hard to row against the tide!
How vain to sow when birds of prey
Like this are waiting night and day
To snatch the precious seed away!

O, could we weigh a life and know
The worth of moments here below!

We speak of trifles slightingly,
But in the world's economy
The mighty volume of the sea
Receives no more the care of God
Than does the dewdrop on the sod.
There are no trifles; one false move
Upon the board of life, may prove
The turn that shapes a destiny
For time and for eternity.

If life is then so real a thing
That every wheel and subtle spring
Is so exact and finely wrought
That fate may turn upon a thought,
How dare I risk, O God, to play
With empty bawbles on the way!

In tears, and toils, and pain and loss,
Brave men and women bear their cross;
From early morn till set of sun
Some hands must toil, some feet must run,
To ease the want and share the load
Of some poor pilgrim on the road.
And yet, while close on every side

The door for work stands open wide,
Some Christian souls find time to play
And dance the golden hours away!
If "Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees,"
With what a grim, sardonic bliss
Must he behold a scene like this!
When Satan smiles at what I do,
That thing shall I at once eschew,
And when in doubt if God approves,
I'll wait till God the doubt removes.

I stepped aside, for o'er my soul
A feeling of revulsion stole.
I scarce had turned, when suddenly
The music ceased its revelry.
As I had seen the temple fade,
The dance-house rising from its shade,
So now in turn the latter, too,
Began to slowly sink from view;
A moment more, and hall, and glare
Had vanished as it were in air.

But when I thought the vision gone,
Behold, I saw another dawn!

And ere I could evolve a thought
My ear the strains of music caught;
I sought the source—a curtain rose!
And then amid a wild applause
That through the auditory ran,
The "Carnival of Life" began!

No wonder that in mute surprise
I stood, afraid to trust my eyes,
Though not to me could thunder's peal
Or lightning's flash have been more real;
And then at once my heart replies:
Why should such change excite surprise,
Since there is but a span, they say,
Between the dance-room and the play?

The play went on. The same wind blew
Both good and bad, both false and true;
But what with all that studied phrase
And scenic art could do to glaze
The faults and vices of mankind,
Why wonder that the doubting mind
Should look and fail to apprehend
Where vice begins and foibles end.

For whether sin be real or played,
Its touch pollutes, its sights degrade,
Till slowly, in its wily role,
It steals into the artless soul,
A monster, whose familiar face,
The poet sang, we first give place,
And then we pity, then embrace.

I count not that young soul secure
Whose ear can hear, whose eye endure
A word unchaste, a sight impure ;
Who in ungodly counsels go
Do not in Christian graces grow ;
Who walketh in the sinner's way
Have seldom time to watch and pray ;
Who sitteth in the scorner's seat
Must share also his drink and meat ;
And souls that breathe a noxious air,
Or feed on tainted, carnal fare,
Must grow defiled in every part—
In texture of the mind and heart.
And knowing this unerring law,
My heart was grieved at what I saw ;
The same who went from prayer and song

In haste to join the dancing throng,
Were here among the plauding crowd
I thought the loudest of the loud ;
Though here and there I saw a face
On which I thought that I could trace
The struggle of a soul within
Between its conscience and its sin :
Ah! need I ask, how long therein
The fight will last, and which will win?

The curtain dropped—the scene was gone,
And once again I stood alone.
In swift succeeding rays of light
Each leaves its impress on the sight ;
And e'en in Dreamland's weird domain
It worked confusion of my brain ;
Awhile I stood with hands unclasped,
With soul as well as head downcast,
And in the passing moments sought
To gather up the strands of thought.

" Why wonderest thou? Why art thou stirred
At things which thou hast seen and heard? "

Though neither tread, nor touch, nor eye
Revealed a living presence nigh,
I started back! that voice and tone
Was surely other than my own!
And then, as ceased the voice, there came
The same strange feeling through my frame—
The same mysterious hand I felt
Upon my head as when I knelt
In solemn silence on the sod,
As in the presence of my God.

"I've heard thy words," the voice resumed,
"When thou hast with thyself communed;
And e'en thy secret thoughts concealed
From others, are to me revealed;
That thou shouldst mourn the insincere
And empty words that pass for prayer;
The easy conscience that can bend
To right or left to suit the end;
The ear that can attune its chord
To songs of Satan or the Lord;
The eye that with the same delight
Can look to Pisgah's lofty height
Or down upon the moral slough

That reeks with virus through and through ;
The heart that can aspire to God
Or grovel with the sensual clod—
That thou shouldst weep, indeed, with me,
Such hollow vanity to see,
I wonder not ; but O, if *thou*
Must turn from such inconstant vow,
How must a loving Father grieve
Such heartless service to receive ?
What thou hast seen has moved thy soul,
And yet thou hast not seen the whole ;
Were I again the veil to part
More poignant still would be the dart.

The crowd with whom thou knelt to pray
Thou sawest next at dance and play ;
The curtain dropped. Behind the screen
Thou didst not see the shifting scene.
But carest thou to follow hence ?
Behold, in thought, if not in sense :
To-morrow e'en, ere scarce will fall
Upon the earth night's sable pall,
In yonder home, where once the Word
Was read, and song and prayer were heard,

"Society" in gay *soiree*
Will meet to while the hours away.
"'Tis but a little thing," they say;
"Too small to lead a soul astray—
A harmless pastime that they call
'*Progressive Euchre*'—that is all.
But he who handles Satan's tools
Is judged by every moral rule
To be a craftsman of his school;
Who dallies on the border land
Will soon within the confines stand.
A spot upon the polished steel
Was thought too small to heed, until,
Too late to check, a gnawing rust
Had doomed it to its native dust;
Dead coals, 'tis wise to early learn,
Will blacken though they may not burn.
On ballroom soil has never grown
A fruit or seed that God would own.
Before the footlights, I may say,
However grand or pure the play,
No one has ever stayed to pray;
Nor o'er the cards have men ere caught
A good resolve or noble thought.

But, hearken, more! The soil that bears
Not golden grain, produces tares!

'Tis but a little thing! But think!
That little thing may be the brink;
There's but a narrow line between
The pathway and the deep ravine.
Along that narrow space, alas,
How many Christians choose to pass!
All trusting to the slender reed
Of Church relationship and creed.

Ask not, why is the preached word,
By sinners read, by sinners heard,
And yet the heart be scarcely stirred:
The world, between its own and thine,
Expects a sharp dividing line;
But when it sees their ways converge,
Their colors blend, their pleasures merge,
How hard to lead a soul above
The plane on which the churches move!

That thou hast raised thy voice and cried
Against the fast encroaching tide,

Thou hast done well—thine hands are clean,
And though thou mightest not have seen,
As thou didst think, the fruitage sought,
Thy labor has not been for naught;
God sees the end, and in His plan
He judges not nor counts as man:
Who sows for time, and time alone,
Oft dies before the fruit is grown.
Who sows for an eternity,
The full fruition shall not see
Until the great Accounting Day,
When He, the righteous Judge, shall weigh,
By standard that ye know not of,
Each thought, and word, and deed of love,
With all its sequent good beside
That through the years has multiplied.

How well the Christian life is run,
How much is lost, how much is won,
Thou canst not measure here on lines
Which e'en the Christian Church defines;
Success or failure here, may bear
A different phase as viewed up there.
The sower sows, and tills, and weeps

Year in and out, but never reaps:
He dies and other hands take hold,
And lo! they reap a hundred fold.
Men see results and then applaud,
And write Success! Not so with God,
Who spans all space and links the chain
From him who thought he sowed in vain,
To him who reaps the ripened grain.

That years be long or short, O man,
Canst not be gauged by finite span;
Beside a long Pauline career
A Stephen's few short years appear.
A mother trained her child for God,
And then was laid beneath the sod.
But millions now o'er all the earth
Do honor to that mother's worth
And bless the home that gave her birth;
So thine it is to do thy best
And to the Master leave the rest.

Thou sawst the sun sink out of sight
And leave behind a band of light;
Thou sawst the Temple, stone by stone,

From base to spire arise alone ;
As thou hast seen, like set of sun,
God's chosen vessels, one by one,
Pass to their rest, within thy breast
Thou hast asked thyself if it were best;
I would, O man ! that thou shouldst know
That God's eternal Truth shall glow,
Till like a band of living light
It turns to day the whole world's night,
Despite what thou hast seen and heard
And which has so thy spirit stirred.
And as the workers, one by one,
Retire with their day's work done,
The morrow's sun shall find in lieu,
New hands, as strong, as brave, as true.
And hearken ! he works best who leaves
With God the counting of the sheaves ! "

And then as the last word was said
The hand was lifted from my head.
Though still I felt the presence near,
The voice had so entranced my ear
I felt my heart so strangely drawn
That fain would I have listened on,

Like them who stood on Hermon's Hill
And sought that they might linger still.

As yet my lips had ventured not
To put in words a single thought;
But now one wish possessed my heart,
Which I would ask ere he depart;
But dare I, mortal man, and weak,
Presume with spirit form to speak?
My heart assented, but, alas!
The words my lips refused to pass.

"I know the thing that thou wouldst seek—
The thought thy quivering lips would speak;
Since thou wouldst know from whence I came
Write now upon thy heart my name,
With every word that I have said,
For with this word I shall have fled
And thenceforth be to thee as dead;
But wouldst thou bear me in thy mind
As one that lovest human kind,
Barivah thou shalt know me by—
A message-bearer from the sky!"

The light into my window broke,
And I with trembling frame awoke.

So real the vision of the night,
I found my pillow wet with tears ;
Each scene still lingered on my sight,
The voice still ringing in my ears.
And though the cloud that wrapped my soul—
The bitter grief I felt and spoke
And could not in my dreams control,—
Was not dispelled when I awoke,
Yet I was cheered ; I felt, somehow,
That every laborer in the field,
Though called to sow, or reap, or plow,
Did something towards the harvest's yield.

And still upon my heart the weight
Of souls unsaved is just as great ;
For, since I do not know how He
Designs to own his work in me,
'Tis mine to work as if the end
Did on my single self depend ;
" Thou reapest where thou hast not sown
And gath'rest where thou hast not strown,"

Shall not excuse, condone, nor shield
An idler in the Master's field.

Men hold the distaffs; God entwines
The threads and weaves his own designs,
'Tis true; but yet one broken strand
Retards that much the weaver's hand;
A little thing, can it be said,
Therefore, to hold the Master's thread?
Nay, wait until the skeins are spun,
The work complete, the weaving done,
And God to universal man
Unfolds his consummated plan!
'Twill be a joy well worth the tear
And sigh that it has cost us here,
If in the finished web is scanned
Your little thread, my little strand.

PART II

UPWARD THOUGHTS

A Heart Thought

RAY, let me alone; I have cares of my own;"
And passing he said with a sigh:
"Who is given to sup from the chastening cup
Should drink it alone, as do I;
I sing in its ear and the world will hear,
But it sees not my heaving breast;
Each one has his share, I am told, to bear,
And all are but mourners at best."

We laugh, it is true, and the world laughs too;
But oh, do we sorrow alone?
I should weep to know such a thing were so
In the light of the Gospel noon.
There are hearts of oak that may bear the stroke
And cover the wound it made;
But many will bleed like the tender reed
At the gash of a wanton blade.

Since all bear a load on this pilgrim road,
Learn a truth that a sage has sown:
Who aids in relief of a brother in grief
But lightens the weight of his own.

Then brush not aside the poor heart that is tried;
It comes like a fluttering dove;
A word or a tear that you think little here
Will wait you as jewels above.

On the Shore

I'M growing old—I feel it
In the trembling of the limb;
The silver hairs reveal it,
And my sight is growing dim,
While the friends around remind me
Of the dullness of my ear;
Though I hear it said behind me,
"Grandpa is growing queer."

Ah! so deep the furrowed places
Which the share of Time doth plow
That it may have left its traces
On the brain as well as brow!
But I know that still unfurrowed
I have kept the better part;

For, though lines be on the forehead,
There are none upon the heart.

And, therefore, old and weary,
I am not afraid to die,
Though the shore seems lone and dreary,
And the waters wide and high ;
For I know across the river,
There's a bright and sunny land,
Where the hand doth never quiver
Nor the form decrepit stand ;

Where the hair doth never silver,
Nor the head unbidden bow,
And the passing ages never
Put a wrinkle on the brow.
And there's One will go beside me
Through the river's breaking tide,
That no waves may override me,
Till I reach the other side.

Belshazzar's Feast

IN royal splendor sat the King,
His courtiers before;
In festive merriment they sing
Round him, the conqueror;
Till bacchanalian echoes ring
Through court and corridor.

Chaldea's bravest men are up
To wait his royal pleasure!
Each lifts above a golden cup
In merry, maudlin measure,
And dares in sacrilege to sup
From Judah's stolen treasure.

And now upon their gods they call,
Their favor loud inviting;
When, lo! the glare of burnished hall
The mystic letters lighting,
Belshazzar sees upon the wall
A phantom finger writing!

The heathen monarch quakes with fear!
He feels the fatal warning:

He sees the fingers disappear;
Then to his vassals turning:
"Bring quickly here the wisest seer
In oriental learning."

In vain Chaldea heeds the call,—
The sages of the nation!
Alike to magi, king, and all
Who seek an explanation,
The vivid letters on the wall
Defy interpretation!

And now a queenly voice is heard
Before the banquet table:
"Now trouble not, my king and lords,
For there is one full able
To read and tell to thee these words,
O, mighty king of Babel!"

A youthful captive in the land
Forthwith the princes summon,
Who, while before him trembling stand
His God's and Judah's foemen,
Unfolds the writing of the hand,
And tells the fearful omen!

"O mighty king, Belshazzar, heed!
This the interpretation:
This night the Persian and the Mede
Divide thy father's nation;
For thou art in the balance weighed,
And this thy condemnation!"

Next morning's sun arose and shone
On Babylon's faded glory!
Her haughty princes stood alone,
Their monarch dead and gory,—
A Persian sat upon the throne
To tell the captor's story!

The Beauty of the Lord

I ASKED the lily, blooming fair,
"Sweet flower, can you tell me where
My soul may find that wondrous thing,
The beauty of the Lord, my King?"
The lily bended modestly,
And meekly said, "It is in me;"

The flower was sweet, and pure, and rare,
But all I looked for was not there.

I asked the mountain, rearing high
Its snow-capped summit to the sky;
A voice came from its lofty peak,
"'Tis here, the beauty thou dost seek."
Sublimely beautiful and grand,
I saw in it my Father's hand;
His voice was in the whispering air,
But all I looked for was not there.

I asked the starry dome beyond,
And heard each twinkling orb respond:
"In me and in my sister spheres
The beauty of the Lord appears."
And true, so bright it seemed to me,
I thought yon lighted arch might be
The portal of a land more fair:
But all I looked for was not there.

Thus all around me and above
I saw my Father's hand of love;
I traced his wisdom and his power,

In sea, and sky, and field and flower;
With rapturous joy my eyes surveyed
The wondrous things my God had made;
But still my seeking soul implored,
"Show me the beauty of the Lord."

I lingered at the Mercy Seat,
Low down before the Master's feet:
A voice more soft than mother's tone
Said sweetly, "Child, thou shalt be shown
What thou dost seek: give me thine heart,
Nor keep for self one single part,
And I shall stamp, O seeking one,
The beauty of the Lord thereon."

A Common Creed

I A GOD of omnipotence know,
One of infinite Justice and Love,
As the Maker of creatures below
And the hosts that adore him above.

And the truth of his Word I receive
As a lamp to the wayfaring man ;
As a Star unto them that believe,
And to them that reject it, a ban.

Though I may not be able to read
And interpret the Volume as you,
I can understand all that I need
As a law for the thing I should do.

A man reaps, I believe, as he sows :
That rewards are awaiting the just,
And a bitter eternity, those
Who have sown to the flesh and its lust.

I believe that the Crucified One
Was the Son of the Infinite God,
And I hope for salvation alone
On the merits of Jesus's blood.

These are all the essentials I claim ;
And what matters what else I believe ?
For it constitutes only a name,
Which will neither condemn me nor save.

I Live It All Over Again

AS flows the great tide from the breast of the deep
And backward again to the sea,
So oft from the Past-land the soft billows sweep,
And bring back its treasures to me.
Too vivid they seem for a vision or dream,
Their pleasures, their anguish, their pain,
And all I had cast to the winds of the Past
Come back to my heart and my brain.

Once more I'm a bare-footed boy on the green;
I'm all out of breath in the play;
I take not a thought of the shine nor the rain,
Nor care for the length of the day.
I sit at the long, slanting desk in the school,
My jack-knife I use for a pen;
I feel the keen smart of the master's ferule,
And live it all over again.

I walk once again in the fair land of Love;
The sky never looked half so blue;
The world all around and the worlds all above
Seem made as if only for two.

"I like still to think of its first golden dawn,
And live it all over again."

—I live it all over again. *Page 59.*

Though more than a score are the years that have
gone,
And love has grown stronger since then,
I like still to think of its first golden dawn,
And live it all over again.

And now, as the day and its toiling is o'er,
The children are watching in glee;
Some fleet little feet I see bound from the door
And little hands waving to me.
Then down on the floor are the children and I—
The sand-man will not come till ten:
Oh, memory sweet! How I laugh and I cry,
And live it all over again!

I sit where the Death Angel hovers o'erhead,
And watch the faint, flickering spark;
I follow my dead to their cold, narrow bed
And leave them alone in the dark.
Oh! deep is the moan of the billows to-night,
As they come from the Sorrow-land's shore;
The sigh will come back and the tears dim the sight—
I live it all over once more.

Oh! how shall it be when the soul takes its flight
Beyond the dark bounds of the tomb?
Shall earth's billows reach to the Haven of Light
And down to the region of gloom?
Oh, God! there are memories sweet I would keep,
And take them across the dark wave;
But bury, oh bury, my sins in the deep!
Oh, hide them away in the grave!

Stranded

STILL beautiful and strong and grand,
Almost in port, yet on the sand.
But what avails her stately form,
Her great stout heart and giant arm?
But yesterday old Ocean deep
Was proud to bear her on her breast;
To-day her billows round her sweep
And laugh to see her thus distressed.

Helpless, she seeks a friendly hand
To lift her from her bed of sand;

But still the bars retain their grip
And closer clasp the stranded ship.
Then rests the proud St. Paul until
God's breath shall o'er the waters sweep,
And send a storm to lift her keel
And launch her out into the deep.

Fit simile of stranded souls,
This helpless ship upon the shoals;
Deep bedded in the sands of sin.
They strive to rise by power within,
Only to find, alas! how weak
Poor human nature is at best;
And that when human aid we seek,
It fails us at the final test.

At last, when fails all human trust,
And pride is humbled in the dust,
We turn to Him who in His hands
Holds hearts as well as seas and lands.
It may be that the storm must come!
But underneath flows deep and wide
(To bear the stranded sinner home)
God's love—an everlasting tide.

The Valley of Believing

NOT a sinner, wild and wanton,
But a worshiper devout,
Long I wandered on the mountain
In the wilderness of Doubt,
Till the search-light of the Spirit
O'er my darkened pathway broke,
And a voice—I still can hear it,—
Soft and sweetly to me spoke:

"Cease thy mourning and thy grieving,
For the land that thou dost seek
Is the Valley of Believing
In the Kingdom of the Meek.
Wouldst thou find this land of beauty,
Not a moment needst thou wait;
There's a path whose name is Duty
Leads directly to the gate.

"There's a soul-refreshing river
Flowing through this pleasant scene,
And its banks are covered ever
With a fresh and living green,

There the tree of Faith is growing
Deeply rooted in the soil,
And the fragrance it is throwing
Is the bloom of holy Toil.

"Now and then the clouds will gather
And the shadows sometimes fall,
But the sunlight of the Father
Still is shining back of all.
And, oh, best of all, and dearest,
In this valley of the blest,
When the clouds are hanging nearest
You may find the sweetest rest."

Thou Didst Think of Me

WHEN thou didst with pity'ng eye
Leave thy Father's throne on high —
Leave a heavenly diadem
For a crib in Bethlehem,
Jesus, thou didst think of me;
Do I, do I think of thee?

Blessing, helping every one,
Yet rejected by thine own;
Buffeted and spit upon,
Oh, thou blessed, Holy One,
This, because thou thought of me!
Do I, do I think of thee?

Praying in Gethsemane;
Agonizing on the tree;
When, with breaking heart, thou cried
"It is finished," bowed and died,
Jesus, thou didst think of me!
Do I, do I think of thee?

On his hands my name I see:
In the grave he thinks of me.
Vain, oh Calvary, thy doom!
Jesus rises from the tomb,
Evermore to think of me;
Jesus, I will think of thee.

Do It Now

BY the lip, the leaf, the pen,
Speed the Gospel tidings on
To the waiting hearts of men.
What you have to give or say,
Give it now, and say to-day.

Sow a little wayside talk;
Sow a sunny daily walk—
God will watch and nurse the stalk.
Only do the planting thou—
Do it early, do it now.

By the purse, the prayer, the song,
Send the blessed Word along,
Into every land and tongue;
Whatsoe'er it be, or how,
Do it early, do it now.

True and steady to the chart,
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Let us do a hero's part.
Some may sow and some may plow,
Do it early, do it now.

The Harvester of Days

I WISHED that I could do some deed
That would not die
But bear for men some precious meed
As years went by;

Or speak some word by tongue or pen
That might live on,
And bless the lives of other men
When I was gone.

Scarce mental form my wishes took,
Than to my side
A spectral form with reaping hook
Appeared to glide.

I started! but the shadowy hand,
Though light as air,
Gave, by a touch, a mute command
That held me there.

Whence came that silent guest of mine
I could not tell,
Nor did he deign, by word or sign,
To break the spell.

"Pray, tell me who or what thou art,
Unbidden guest,"
My lips essayed, with frighted heart,
To make request;

And then, with sad and solemn gaze,
He slowly said:
"I am the '*Harvester of Days*
You think are dead.'

"Perhaps 'tis well, for Life's success,
That men should cast
The mantle of Forgetfulness
Upon the Past.

"But listen! Ye who hope to veil
The Past as dead;
I travel close upon its trail
With silent tread;

"I garner every word and deed
With zealous care;
For every one contains a seed
Of wheat or tare.

"The husbandman at eve may sow
And die ere dawn:
But does the seed forget to grow
When he is gone?

"So tongue and hand may both decay
And never know
The heart-seeds scattered by the way
For weal or woe.

"Seest in my hand this cup of tears
I reaped this morn?
'Twas in a word in long-past years
The seed was born.

"These flowers of Love whose petals throw
Such sweet perfume,
In some kind deed long years ago
Began to bloom.

And thus I reap—a flower here,
A nettle there;
Sometimes a smile, sometimes a tear,
Sometimes a prayer."

"What hast thou reaped of mine?" I cried.
My guest was gone,
And left my own heart to decide
What I had sown!

Forward in His Name

THE long roll-call is sounding,
Let Israel awake!
And every heart responding,
New zeal and courage take.
With all upon the altar
And spirit all aglow,
We cannot stay nor falter
When Duty bids us go.

We'll find the way retarded
By lions in the path,
And every stronghold guarded
By mighty men of Gath.
But if these things affright us
When shall the way be free?

When Satan shall invite us—
And that will never be.

If Christians did not weaken
When nearing Satan's grounds,
His kingdom should be shaken
From centre to its bounds.
Our weakness shall not matter,
Unless it comes of doubt;
One shall a thousand scatter,
And two ten thousand rout.

The hour is here for moving,
Wait not the morrow's sun;
The Church our faith is proving,
The victory must be won.
Then gird the armor, brother,
To loiter would be shame;
Press close to one another,
And forward in His name.

She Hath Done What She Could

MARK xiv : 8

"SHE hath done what she could," said the Master,
"for me;"
How tender and sweet was the word!
"And the deed she hath done her memorial shall be
Wherever my gospel is heard."

Ah, 'tis this that must try every deed that we do
Ere Jesus pronounces it good;
Not the thing that is done, but the love it may show,
And whether we've done what we could.

There are some who are struggling along on the way
And reaping, they think, only leaves,
Whilst others return at the close of the day
And bring in a harvest of sheaves.

But the eye of the Master is on every one,
Not a sigh nor a tear has been lost;
And it is not the much nor the little we've done,
But, what has the offering cost?

Not the poor widow's mite nor the gold of the king
Shall count of itself in the test;
It will not be the stamp of the coin that we bring,
But whether the gift is our best.

At the Forks

THOUGH some things I have buried in the flood
of passing years,
And others I could cast away without regret or tears,
I never shall forget the days I knelt at mother's side,
And said the little prayers she taught—I could not
if I tried.

As now I call it to my mind, how near the kingdom
then!
Much nearer, saddest thought of all, than e'er I'll be
again;
For then I felt a yearning for the wiser, better part,
Whilst now it seems there's naught can melt nor
touch my stony heart.

I think sometimes I feel again, but even were it so,
The soul has grown too sordid now for better thoughts
to grow.
'Tis but their ghosts that haunt me now, that flit
before my brain,
Dissolving ere I catch their form, like raindrops on
the pane.

Ah, well do I remember how the better life within
Repelled the tempter as I stood before the door of sin.
I lingered on its threshold long, I heard my mother's
voice
And all of childhood's hallowed prayers constrain
me to a choice.

To linger was to yield at last; the syren's voice was
sweet,
And soon my mother's prayers and tears lay scattered
at my feet.
You ask me why I chose the worse and knew the
better way?
Alas! the choice that proved for aye was meant but
for a day!

I have not seen by many years my three score years
and ten,
But such as they have been I would not live them
o'er again.
The world has paid me something back; I've seen
my stores increase,
But I would give them all to-night for one sweet hour
of peace.

It must come soon, if ever, for the silver in my hair
Is not so much the frosts of years as the whiteness of
despair.
There still is time? perhaps, perhaps; to me no hope
it bodes,—
My time was when I stood a boy, at the parting of
the roads.

Ah, were I at the forks again, as on that luckless day,
And I could gather up the pearls that then I threw
away,
I'd bind them tight around my neck, a cord of purest
gold,
Or lock them deep within my heart, and God the
key should hold.

But that is past, 'twas but a thought—a ray of
phantom light
That flits across my brain anon; I see it while I
write;
'Twill vanish soon, and soon, too soon, forever take
its flight,
And I be left alone again the long and dismal night!

Chautauqua Hymn

BY thy favor, Lord, we gather
In our Circle here to-night;
Guide our minds, O gracious Father,
Give them more than human sight;
Lead us ever,
In our studies, toward the light.

See we in the realm of story
Nations flourish and decline?
In their fall, as in their glory,
May we see the Hand Divine;
Lamp of Wisdom,
Shine on every page and line.

As we search the field of learning,
Let us sift as we pursue;
By the Higher Light discerning
What is false and what is true;
Choosing rather
Older truths than errors new.

The King of the Ivory Palace

ALL THEIR GARMENTS SMELL OF MYRRH, AND ALOES, AND CASSIA, OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES.—Ps. xlv : 8.

THE King has come from His home of white;
Down to the earth in its darkest night,
To sweeten the world and make it bright,
The King of the Ivory Palace comes!

His garments smell of the cassia's bloom,
The aloe's wood and the myrrh's perfume;
Ye kings and princes of earth, make room,
The King of the Ivory Palace comes!

How sad it was that the world should wait
So long for Him at the Prophet's Gate,
Then turn away in its scorn and hate
When He from His ivory palace came.

The King has gone to His home again;
He leaves His peace and His joy with men;
"The Comforter I will send you then,"
The King of the Ivory Palace said.

My King has said He will come again;
I know not how, and I know not when;
I'll watch and wait, and I'll pray, and then,
Go home with theIvory Palace King.

All Along the Way

IT is not so much the reaping,
As the sowing of the seed;
It is not so much the weeping,
As it is the kindly deed,
Keeps the spirit's fire glowing
And our love for Jesus growing
Bright and brighter every day—
Bright and brighter all along the way.

It is not the simply weaving
Of a promise here and there;
Working, waiting and believing
Is the golden chain of prayer.
It is working and obeying
Brings the answer to our praying
In a blessing every day—
In a blessing all along the way.

Not the every-day renewing
Of our consecration vow,
But our readiness for doing
Every present duty *now*,

Brings us heaven's smile and favor,
And the sweetness of its savor
Lingers with us all the day—
Lingers with us all along the way.

Let not duty, then, defeat you;
Face it bravely every day;
Jesus promises to meet you—
Meet you more than half the way;
He the load will lift and lighten,
And the pathway smooth and brighten
By His presence every day—
By His presence all along the way.

Thanksgiving Hymn

'TIS Thanksgiving morn again!
Lift your voices, sons of men,
From the earth to God above,—
Lift your hearts in praise and love.

Thank Him for His loving care;
Thank Him for the blessed air;

Thank Him for the sunlight shed;
Thank Him for your daily bread.

Thank Him that our favored land,
By the bounty of His hand,
Richly her abundance yields
From her orchards and her fields.

Thank Him that no pois'nous breath,
Freighted with the germs of death,
O'er our land pursues its path
In its all-consuming wrath.

While the sweeping blast of war
Rages over lands afar,
Thank Him that the wings of Peace
All our wide domain embrace.

Sons of men, your voices lift
For the precious, priceless gift
Offered up for you and me,
On the Mount of Calvary!

Triune Prayer

THERE are prayers of the heart; there are prayers of the head;
There are prayers that are prayed and prayers that are said.
The prayer of the head is well-rounded and wise;
The prayer of the heart may bring tears to the eyes;
But the prayer that is quickest to reach the Most High,
And the surest to bring back the Father's reply—
The prayer that the world never misunderstands—
Is the triune petition of Heart, Head and Hands.

Mae

VIEWED only by the feeble rays
The lamp of human wisdom lends,
How dark the Providential ways
That rob us of our dearest friends!

But yesterday we looked on one
Whose years we counted far ahead;
When, lo! the morrow's sun looked down
And she we loved so well, is dead.

With eyes bedimmed and bated breath
We look upon the pallid face,
And wonder why the Angel Death
Should call her to his cold embrace.

But, no! We'll not think thus of her;
'Tis but the mortal that is mute;
The same keen frost that breaks the bur
Will sweeten and mature the fruit.

'Tis hard when earthly ties are torn;
The heart will bleed—God made it so;
But O, beside the pointed thorn
The fragrant rose of Hope will grow.

I would not quell the heaving breast;
I would not check the tears that fall;
For they who knew our sister best
Know too that she deserves them all.

But though to-day we weep for Mae,
Whose voice is hushed, whose hand is chill,
We look beyond this house of clay
And think of her as living still.

To us her memory shall be dear,
And when we sing of Jesus' love,
We'll list! Perhaps our hearts may hear
The same sweet song from her above.

Man Was Not Made to Mourn

I've seen yon weary winter's sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time was added proof
That man was made to mourn.—*Burns.*

THE poet sings a mournful song,
Whose melancholy part
Has doubtless found an echo strong
In many a human heart;
But in the great Eternal Mind
Where first a soul was born,
No such stern fiat do I find
As, "Man was *made* to mourn."

When fresh from the Creative Hand,
He stood a lordly king,
To have and hold supreme command
O'er every living thing,

And heaven had given of its best
An Eden to adorn,
Man had not even there been blest,
Had he been made to mourn.

God looked upon the finished earth:
"Behold, 'tis good," He said;
Nor thorn nor thistle yet had birth,
Nor human tear been shed.
'Twas meant that man should live, not die,
And he had never worn
The stamp of immortality,
Had he been made to mourn.

'Twas not until a crafty foe,
With rank and poisonous breath,
Had entered Paradise below
And sown the seeds of death;
'Twas not till man had disobeyed,
And sin its fruit had borne.
That Paradise began to fade
And man began to mourn.

Alas! though Adam sinned and died,
The seed which then took root,

Has grown and scattered far and wide,
And borne its bitter fruit;
E'er since, life's flowers of sweetest bloom
Have grown beside the thorn,
And from the cradle to the tomb
Man ceases not to mourn.

Through Eden's long-continued gloom
This Star of Hope has gleamed:
When Shiloh shall again have come
And Paradise redeemed;
When Earth, as Heaven, shall do his will,
Then Satan shall be shorn
Of all his potency for ill,
And man shall cease to mourn.

Till then, we'll wait, endure and toil,
In sunshine or in showers,
Content to know that when we call
The Promised Help is ours;
Some day, beyond this lower land,
When earthly ties are torn,
We'll see and better understand—
Man was not made to mourn.

When Far Astray

WHEN far astray in sin, one day
The loving Saviour passed my way;
Helpless, and sick, and sore, I lay,
Deep in the pit and miry clay.

He stooped and touched me in my shame;
I felt His touch, I breathed His name;
A thrill divine went through my soul—
I felt that touch had made me whole.

"For you I drank the bitter cup;"
Thus Jesus said and raised me up:
He raised me up, O praise the Lamb,
From what I was to what I am!

I know the depths from whence I came;
Thou knowest, too, how weak my frame;
Keep Thou my hand within Thine own,
For, O, I dare not walk alone!

Close by the side of such a Friend,
Whose love could such a depth descend,
I shall not wander from the fold,
For power to save is grace to hold.

The Children's Jubilee

O SUNNIEST month of all the year!
The rosy month that we love so dear,
We welcome you with a song of cheer!
The day of our Jubilee is here.

Gladly let the chimes be rung!
Cheerily let the song be song!
Join in the chorus every tongue,
And welcome the Children's Jubilee!

We gather here in a happy throng!
We greet our friends with a merry song,
For joy and cheer to the day belong—
The day of the Children's Jubilee!

The flowers smile as they look at me,
The breezes, too, have a note of glee;
The birds unite in the melody,
And sing for the Children's Jubilee.

The sunny cheer of this festive day
Shall not depart with the evening's ray,
But linger with us along our way,
An echo of this our Jubilee.

Forbearance

A HEBREW LEGEND

WHEN the sun had gone down, so the legend is told,
And his flocks had been sheltered all safe in their fold,
Father Abraham sat at the door of his tent,
When a travel-worn stranger, decrepit and bent,
Bowing low as he halted, said: "Father, I pray,
Canst thou shelter a pilgrim till dawn of the day?"

Father Abraham rose and saluted his guest:
"Thou art welcome, my son, to abide here and rest;
Though thy name I know not, still, a brother thou art,
And of such that I have thou shalt share in a part;
For the God who hath blessed me hath He also not said,
'When the stranger shall ask thee refuse him not bread?'"

"Since thou ownst me a brother," the visitor said,
"I shall take but my own when I take of thy bread;

Were the God whom thou servest a just God and good,
Not a creature he made should go begging for food;
Of the goods that thou hast thou dost know in thine heart
Thou hast more than thine own, and a robber thou art."

"As I live, there is naught of my flock or my store
That was ever denied him who stopped at my door;
But for him that revileth my God, neither bread
Nor a shelter have I," Father Abraham said;
And so saying the stranger he sent on his way,
Not so much as a "God speed thee well till the day."

"Abraham!" And the patriarch bowed at the word,
For he knew 'twas the voice of the Lord that he heard;
"I am grieved and displeased at the thing thou hast done;
Thou didst check, it is true, an undutiful son;
But since I with his faults have for many years borne,
Couldst not thou have endured them at least till the morn?"

True Wisdom

THE world is rich in human lore,
And wise is he who early trains
His mind its riches to explore,
And gather in its golden grains.

But wiser he that early seeks
That wisdom whereof we are told
Its merchandise more worth bespeaks
Than merchandise of purest gold.

Her price not rubies can command;
All else is dross compared with her;
The length of days is in her hand
And all the honor they confer.

O, seek her young! With steadfastness
Cling to her as thy years increase;
For hers are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

O, Let Its Soft Billows Roll In

THERE'S a song of the heart I would sing you to-night,
A song I have sung o'er and o'er,
Though my words were but feeble to speak its delight,
Or tell of the sweetness it bore.
'Tis the song that my soul in its ecstasy sung
When Jesus, the crucified One,
In His tender compassion looked down where I clung,
And lo! the great burden was gone!

O'er my heart, like the first mellow beams of the morn,
There swept the soft melody wave,
And it bore the glad news of a soul newly born,
It told me that Jesus could save.
Oh, the peace, the sweet peace that was mine in that hour
When Jesus first supped with my soul,
When I knew that the blood of the Saviour had power
To make a poor penitent whole.

In the years that have gone since I gave Him my life
To mold to His own perfect will,
In the sunshine of joy, or the tempest of strife,
I hear the sweet melody still.
O, this song you may hear if you open your hearts
And want to be saved from your sin;
Even now you may catch the sweet strains of its parts—
O, let its soft billows roll in!

Through The Valley of Baca

WHO, PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF BACA, MAKE IT A WELL.—Ps. lxxxiv; 6.

THOUGH desolate and drear their road
Who up to Mount Moriah press,
The worshipers in hymns to God,
Forget the arid wilderness.
Their hearts are watered by the stream
That rises from the fount of love;
And every Baca's vale to them
Becomes an Elim's fertile grove.

We, too, as pilgrims day by day,
To Zion's city out of sight,
Meet many a Baca by the way,
And many a rugged mountain height.
Above us and around about
Dense clouds of disbelief appear;
Till sometimes, in the mist, we doubt
If ever more the skies will clear.

Oh, had we but the Psalmist's zeal
To penetrate the misty vale,
And midst the thickest clouds to feel
God's promises can never fail,
Our hearts with thankfulness would swell,
Our voices have a song to sing;
And just beyond the bitter well
We'd find the sweet, refreshing spring.

It has Gone

'TWAS a flower that bloomed in the home for a day—
A delicate blossom too tender to stay;
But so close to our hearts had its young tendrils grown,
The life that it lived was a part of our own.

Like a flower untimely consumed by a blight,
It faded, and withered, and passed from our sight;
But the rose will return with the summer's first heat,
Its petals as soft and its perfume as sweet.

Not so with the one that we tenderly laid
Away in its home in the Northwoodland shade:
It has gone to its own—the frail dust to the sod,
The *babe* to new life in the bosom of God.

Though it will not come back, we will think of it there
Where blight cannot come and disease cannot wear.
Though it will not come back, it will be but a span
Until, in that land, we shall clasp it again.

The Missionary Pioneer

IN ages past, remote and near,
Brave men have sought to win a name
That might outlive their brief career,
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame.
No sea has been too wide to stem;
No crime too great for men to dare;
But welcome any cost to them
Could they the precious meed but share.

And yet, how few who've sought the prize
Have left an imprint e'en behind;
Of these, how many to despise!
How few to love by human kind!
The brightest names that from decay
The page of history may save,
Are not of those who cut their way
Through paths of glory to the grave,

Save those who, thoughtless of a name,
Pursued the path where duty led,
The rights of nature to reclaim
From Despotism's hated head.

And them, let Fame in honor set,
The foremost in her courted tier ;
Mine is the nobler hero yet—
The Missionary Pioneer !

True heroism is to dare
When Self says "Stay," and Duty, "Go !"
When fortune has no smile to wear,
Nor fame a laurel to bestow ;
When friendship and the kindred ties
Would lure them to their native shore,
And hopes that once illumed their skies
Must be foregone forevermore.

True heroism is to stand,
When danger threatens, in the van,
And sacrifice your own right hand,
If needs, to save a fellow man.
And such the ones who go to face
A living death, if only they
May lead a poor, benighted race,
To Him, the true and living Way.

But though he does not plaudit seek,
From every heathen land there rise

A thousand witnesses to speak
The good man's work and sacrifice.
A hundred islands of the sea,
Once groaning under Error's rod,
Have been by Gospel truth made free,
And worship now the living God.

Where flows the Indus to beguile
The unenlightened soul and mind;
Where sweeps the long, majestic Nile,
And Niger's darksome waters wind,
The seed is sown, and churches rise
On spots where pagan temples stood;
And opened heart, and mind, and eyes,
Attest the Missionary's good.

Though great the work these men have wrought,
And many lands have been redeemed,
How many yet remain untaught
On whom the light has never gleamed!
Let tongues still speak. Let hearts still pray,
And follow up what these have done,
Till toil and faith in God's own day
Shall consummate the work begun.

Joy Up There

WHAT a joy up there
When the angels bear
The news of a soul forgiven!
There is a joy on earth
At a soul's new birth,
But greater, I think, in heaven.

Could we catch the strain
Of the glad refrain
As the angels sing the story,
It would mean for some,
In the time to come,
A star in their crown of glory.

Do we hope to share
In that song up there
With those that have gone before us?
There's a song of cheer
We must learn down here,
Akin to the heavenly chorus.

The Sky

THE pencil of artist with exquisite grace
Has stolen from Nature the charms of her face;
The river and meadow, the ripe field of grain,
The wide-spreading prospect of mountain and plain.

But artist and poet, at dawn of the day,
Have looked on a picture they could not portray,
When queenly Aurora as Night's shadow flies
Walks forth in her beauty and pencils the skies;

Or when, in full glory and majesty dressed,
The King of the Morning declines in the west;
How many have viewed him with rapt'rous delight,
And sighed for the power to pencil the sight!

Or when, far descending, he moves on apace,
His rays still illumine the moon's silver face,
And softly, but stately, the stars in their place,
Come out in their splendor to light the blue space.

In wonder I watch them! I think the bright dome
Was surely intended for somebody's home;
What if, when the Future its entrance unbars,
We find an abode in the beautiful stars!

The sky has been ever an emblem of life—
Its sunshine and shadow, its rest and its strife;
Its Summer-day blue as an emblem of Truth,
How like the bright morning of childhood and youth.

But often when brightest, the soonest o'erhead
The storm-cloud arises, the sunlight is sped;
When hearts are the lightest, and joy overflows,
How quickly life's pleasures are turned into woes.

E'en childhood itself has its sorrow to drink,
And often more bitter its cup than we think;
But quick as the mists of the morn they depart
And sunshine and gladness come back to the heart.

But O, at the noonday of life, or its eve,
How loth are the clouds that o'erhang us to leave!
It is hard to see light through the gloom that enshrouds;
So hard to know why He dispels not the clouds.

The day will come back, though the night may be long;
The storm will abate, be it ever so strong;
And so, as the shadows fall round, let us learn
To trust Him and wait for the sunshine's return.

God's Chosen Land

I OWN Thy Sovereign hand divine,
Thou universal King;
My heart's best love, O God, is Thine,
And less I would not bring;
And loving Thee, I shall the more
My own dear native land adore;
For love of home is but the bud
Whose fullest bloom is love of God.

If e'en when pressed by tyrant's heel
Till heaven itself seems black,
The wand'ring exile still can feel
His home-love call him back,
How proud my own heart ought to be,
America, to tell of thee,
A land in long reserve by God
For worthy men to turn its sod.

Talk not of Canaan's fertile plains,
Nor speak of Ophir's mine;
What mountain holds, what soil contains
Such wondrous wealth as thine?

And with it all is this our boast—
That from our east to western coast
Each shining light in yon blue dome
Looks down upon a freeman's home.

Not one of all the flags of earth,—
Whatever else it types,—
Proclaims a common right by birth,
Except the Stars and Stripes.
To human kind oppressed by Wrong
The night of waiting seems so long,
But wheresoe'er that flag is borne
It bears a hope of coming morn.

Let heart and voice unite to raise
And swell with all their powers
A song of gratitude and praise
For such a land as ours!
And let, O God, a living coal
From off thine altar touch my soul,
That every fiber of my frame
May burn with patriotic flame.

When Thou Passest Through the Waters

IS there any heart discouraged as it journeys on its way?
Does there seem to be more darkness than there is of sunny day?
Oh, it's hard to learn the lesson, as we pass beneath the rod,
That the sunshine and the shadow serve alike the will of God;
But there comes a word of promise like the promise in the bow—
That however deep the waters they shall never overflow.

When the flesh is worn and weary and the spirit is depressed,
And temptations sweep upon it like a storm on ocean's breast,
There's a haven ever open for the tempest-driven bird,
There's shelter for the tempted in the promise of the Word;

For the standard of the Spirit shall be raised against the foe,
And however deep the waters they shall never overflow.

When a sorrow comes upon you that no other soul can share,
And the burden seems too heavy for the human heart to bear,
There is One whose grace can comfort, if you'll give Him an abode;
There's a Burden-bearer ready if you'll trust Him with your load;
For the precious promise reaches to the depths of human woe,
That however deep the waters they shall never overflow.

When the sands of life are ebbing and I near the Jordan's shore;
When I see its billows rising and I hear its waters roar,
I will reach my hand to Jesus, in His bosom I shall hide,

And 'twill only be a moment till I reach the other side;
It is then the fullest meaning of the promise I shall know,
"When thou passest through the waters they shall never overflow."

"I'm Glad I Came to Jesus"

[Thomas Newman, a police house-sergeant, shortly after his conversion under the preaching of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, was taken seriously ill, and began to sink rapidly. Just before death came, although apparently insensible to every appeal for some word or sign of recognition by the loved ones at his bedside, he was heard to say, "I'm glad I came to Jesus."]

LIFE'S fitful day was ending,
The spark had almost fled;
Loved ones were o'er him bending,
To catch the faint words said:
"I'm glad I came to Jesus,"
Was all they heard him say,
And then on joyful pinion
The spirit sped its way.

Could love's appeal have broken
The stillness of the ear,

The lips could not have spoken
A word more full of cheer.
It meant that Christ was making
The darksome valley light;
It meant that day was breaking
And heaven was in sight.

If Jesus thus can brighten
The way while passing o'er,
How shall its raptures heighten
When safely on the shore!
The great white throng in glory,
That sit at Jesus' feet,
Alone can tell the story,
Alone can tell how sweet.

When falls the sable curtain
And shades of night pervade,
When sight becomes uncertain,
And loved ones' voices fade,
Oh, give me one bright moment,
One moment just to sing,
"I'm glad I came to Jesus"—
Then let my soul take wing.

Welcome to a Pastor

A WELCOME to our pastor
Who comes divinely sealed,
A servant of the Master
To this appointed field.
We give him cordial greeting
With open hands and free,
Our hearts the words repeating:
"We welcome, welcome thee!"

We need his kindly counsel,
His pastoral love and prayer;
He needs our kind remembrance
In sympathy and prayer.
And thus together sowing,
We'll wait, and pray, and toil,
And leave the harvest's growing
To Him who knows the soil.

What Shall You Answer Him?

WHEN the Lord shall sit on His throne above,
A Judge of the deeds of men,
Should He seek to know why you spurned His love,
Oh, what shall you answer Him then?

When the last name's writ'n, and the angel hand
Lays down the recording pen,
On the page of Life should your name not stand,
Oh, how shall you answer Him then?

Should He show the wounds of the nails, and say,
"All this would I bear again,
But the Judgment Day is beyond delay,"
Oh, how shall you answer Him then?

Let us praise His name that He does not sit
A Judge, but a Saviour still;
That the blood avails with the Father yet,
And saves even now if you will.

A Welcome *

FROM lands beyond the sea
Back to dear Bethany
We welcome thee;
Tho' other lands be bright
And other scenes delight,
We know your heart beats right
For Bethany.

This was our daily prayer:
That God's protecting care
Might shelter thee,
And that, thy sojourn o'er,
Back to thy native shore
He'd bring thee safe once more
To Bethany.

Our God has heard our prayer,
And given us to share
Our joy with thee;
And now with hearts sincere
We welcome thee with cheer,
For thou art ever dear
To Bethany.

* Sung at a reception of Bethany Sunday School to its Superintendent, Hon. John Wanamaker, on his return from his European tour.

On the Sidin'

I CAN'T jist tell, my brother, what the matter is, nor w'ar,
But every day I'm feelin' that the 'vangelistic car
Had gotten off the railin' of the sure and solid ground
And was runnin' on the sidin' w'ar the ballast wasn't sound.

I 'spects I'm old and cranky, and a laggin' in the race;
But for forty years and over, with the beatin' storms to face,
I've been workin' and a prayin' and a watchin' in my place,
And a waitin' for the blessin' and the promised day of grace.

I haint no man of larnin' and am not the one to chalk
A line of Christian duty for another man to walk,
But I tell you, brethren truly, for I feel it in my heart,
The fire isn't burnin' as it was upon the start.

I happened in a meetin' at St. Peter's t'other night;
The preacher was a speakin' of the Christian as a light;
I heerd a sudden shoutin' in the pew across the aisle,
"O, glory, hallelujah!" in a Jakey Gruber style.

I felt like jinin' with 'em, but a brother in my rear
Said something in a whisper, loud enough for me to hear,
About the noisy methods he'd hoped had passed away
As bein' unbecomin' in this eddicated day.

I noticed when the preacher said, "Beloved, let us pray,"
And he knelt down upon his knees in the Methodistic way,
The people didn't follow suit, but only bowed the head,
As if to take the easiest way to listen what was said.

Ah, brother, will you hearken to a simple word or two?
When first you found the Saviour, and the Saviour he found you,

When he rolled away the burden and set your heart
at ease,
There ain't much risk in sayin' that he found you on
your knees.

So mebbe when we're prayin' for the pentecostal
token,
And the heavens seem as brass, and the windows hard
to open,
We'd find the blessin' sooner if the people knelt to
pray
Right down upon their knees in the old Med'istic
way.

I haint no man of larnin', and when I read our Rules
I mayn't understand them like the colleges and
schools;
I read 'em plain and simple, and I always kind o'
thought
They jist were tellin' over what the Galilean taught.

When I read of costly 'parel as a bein' out of place,
And of shunnin' sich diversions as are not a friend
to grace,

I jist stopped all debatin' of the question to or fro,
And put it down as settled that the flummery must go.

I'm still a stickin' to it, though the devil's been around,
A whisperin' in my ear that the doctrine wasn't sound;
That the spirit of the age and the progress of the day
And the larnin' of the pulpit were a leanin' t'other way.

I didn't stay to listen or dispute the Evil One,
Like Christian in the "Progress" I jist stopped my ears and run;
For, to tell the truth, my brethren, and I say it to our shame,
My mind was on some doin's that gave color to his claim.

I knowed he'd been a workin' in among the Master's flock,
And that some of them were slippin' from the sure and solid Rock.
When I heerd of euchre playin' right in among the fold,
And how the wine decanter was likewise takin' hold;

When I seed the Class neglected, even crowded to the wall,
By the pressin' invitations to the theatre and ball,
I knowed the seeds were growin', that the world was on the top,
And I thought, "When comes the harvest, oh, whose will be the crop?"

I hain't no man of larnin' and am not the man to chalk
A line of Christian duty for another man to walk,
But in days when I was coachin', this axiom was mine:
"Drive all around the mountain to avoid the danger line."

Now, while I've got to preachin,' I want to say to you,
The trouble isn't lyin' altogether with the pew:
I read, 'twas in the paper, last past a month or so,
That Brother Blank had had a "call" but didn't 'spect to go.

I looked within the Discipline but couldn't find a word,
'Bout "callin'" or "acceptin'," or "goin'" as preferred;

And in vain I scanned its pages for the book to 'lucidate
What another brother meant by a bein' on the "slate."

Sich nomenclatur', brethren, is a burlesque on the law,
As if the good old Discipline were a discipline of straw;
I'm not a carpin' critic for the sake of findin' fault,
But don't you think, my brethren, we'd better call a halt?

I'm not a man of larnin' and am not the one to chalk
A line of Christian duty for another man to walk,
But I cannot help a wishin' for the good old days agin,
When there was no ease in Zion, and no compromise with sin.

The Vanished Hand

"O, for the touch of a vanished hand."—Tennyson.

WE speak of a distant land unseen,
Where glorified souls abide;
We're told that the veil that hangs between
Has never been drawn aside.
It may be so, but there's none can tell
How near to the realm unknown;
How close to the vale beyond we dwell—
How near to the loved ones gone.

For oft I sit in the shadowy land,
And long for the golden dawn,
When there comes the touch of a vanished hand
And I hear a voice that's gone.
Sometimes at close of a toilsome day,
Away from the marts of men,
I kneel alone in my room and pray,
And the joy comes back again.

For heaven is near with a listening ear
Wherever a suppliant bends,
While an angel host awaits to bear
The message the Father sends.

For oft I sit in the shadowy land,
And long for the golden dawn,
When there comes the touch of a vanished hand,
And I hear a voice that's gone.

—*The Vanished Hand.* *Page 118*

And is it, then, but a poet's dream
To think that a Father's love,
Might give to the longing soul a gleam—
A glimpse of the land above?

And so I say as I sit to-day
And think of the one that's gone,
I cannot think of her far away,
Nor think of myself alone.
Only a fantasy! Ah, I knew
That you would not understand,
Nor will, until there has come to you
The touch of a vanished hand.

An Aspiration

LET others press to write their name
Upon the giddy heights of Fame—
The goal is little worth the strife.
To loftier heights be mine to soar,
Where names once written die no more—
The names within the Book of Life.

Forget It

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

WHATEVER in the twelve months gone
Of good or bad that you have done,
Forget it.

He who has truly done his best,
Upon this New Year's morn is blest;
But none can build for present needs
A monument of past good deeds;
New duties with each day begin
As if the past had never been—
Forget it.

Have you stopped upon the road
To ease a brother of his load,
Forget it.
The kindnesses by others shown
Remember ever; but your own,
Let them be to you unknown—
Forget them.

Has your brother done you wrong,
Drop it in the New Year's song:

If aught of happiness and cheer
Is meant for you the coming year,
Resentment will the sweetness waste
And give the cup a bitter taste—
Forget it.

Perhaps you've wandered from the right,
Perhaps have yielded in the fight
Against a sinful appetite :—
Forget it.
Ask for pardon ere the light
Of New Year's sinks into the night!
All the past, however black,
Our Father casts behind His back,
And promises, for Jesus' sake—
To forget it.

The Christ Appears

BEHOLD, THE DAYS COME, SAITH THE LORD, THAT I WILL RAISE UNTO DAVID A RIGHTEOUS BRANCH, AND A KING SHALL REIGN AND PROSPER.—Jer. xxiii : 5.

THUS near three thousand years ago
Did Israel's prophet sing,
And Israel waited long to know
And greet the promised King.
The fathers tell the wondrous tale,
And children's children hear;
But Israel's prayer does not prevail—
The Christ does not appear.

'Tis night upon Judea's plain!
The shepherds watch their fold
And once again rehearse the strain
The prophets sang of old,
When, lo! the darkness of the night
Breaks strangely into day;
And, frightened at the wondrous sight,
They hear the angels say:

"Fear not, fear not! Behold, I bring
Good tidings unto men;

For unto you is born a King
This day in Bethlehem!"
Then broke the chorus from the sky,
The sweet angelic strain,—
"Oh, Glory to our God, Most High!
Good will and peace to men!"

Oh, that was the story the angels told
And that was the wondrous sight
The shepherds beheld when they watched their fold
On Bethlehem's plain that night.

I think that the song was the sweetest song,
The story the sweetest tale,
That ever was sung by an angel's tongue
This side of the golden vale.

So eager the shepherds the news to spread
They wait not the breaking morn,
But haste to the town where the angels said
The King of the world was born.

There only a Babe in a manger lay,
But hark what the shepherds sing:
"'Tis true! 'Tis the Christ that has come to-day;
'Tis Israel's promised King!"

The Star of the East

NOT in Judea's land alone
Look they for a Conqueror's throne;
But far away in Eastern climes
Are men discerning signs and times.
Wise men who long had learned to trace
Some curious things on Nature's face,
Looked up one night and saw afar
A new and strangely shining star.

Though they had seen yon starry height
Lit up by many a shining light,
Yet never in their nightly range
Had orb appeared so wondrous strange;
"If we do read aright," said they,
"Yon orb portends the look-for day
When One, we know not where nor whom
As Universal King shall come;"
"Something within me bids us go
And follow as yon star shall show."

The Wise Men start upon their way;
Long months they travel night and day;

At last the wondrous star descends
And o'er the smiling infant bends !
No other sign the Wise Men need,
They've found the new-born King, indeed !

Jesus for All

A TRIO FOR A BOY, A YOUNG MAN, AND AN OLD MAN.

CHILD

I'VE learned to love my Saviour ;
I'm but a child, 'tis true,
But Jesus shows his favor
To little children too.
My heart, dear Jesus take it
And let it be thy throne ;
Yes, Jesus, take and make it
A copy of thine own.

YOUNG MAN

I love the same dear Saviour
As does this little boy ;

I sought and found His favor
And felt the same sweet joy,
And now in manhood's power
I'm walking in His way;
My sun, my shield, my tower,
My everlasting stay.

In vain the world may measure
Its sweetest cup for me;
I find my fondest pleasure,
Dear Lord, in serving Thee;
And whether Thou shalt give me
Few days or many years,
Help me to own and live Thee
Until the end appears.

OLD MAN

I'm growing old, I feel it
In the trembling of the limb;
The silver hairs reveal it—
My sight is growing dim.
I've gone beyond the summit;
I'm pressing towards the close;

How far I may be from it,
The Father only knows.

One thought my soul engages:
I builded long ago
Upon the Rock of Ages—
I'm standing on it now;
And as I near the river,
I see the parting waves!
O, sweeter now than ever,
To know that Jesus saves!

The Wondrous Song

O WONDROUS, wondrous song of Love!
O, wondrous tidings from above!
The Maker stoops to man's abode
That man might find his way to God!
None else than heaven's seraphic throng
Could tell the news or sing the song.

Incarnate God! A Saviour's birth!
Good will to men and Peace on earth!

The world this morn takes up the strain
And sings Immanuel's promised reign ;
From sea to land, from land to sea,
Floats out the Christmas melody !

No song e'er sung, no tale e'er told,
Has charmed the heart of young and old,
Like that which sang a Saviour born,
And gave the world its Christmas morn ;
And,—blessed thought of Christmas cheer!—
The song-wave widens year by year.

But they who'd catch its sweetest tone
Must make the Angel song their own :
They Christmas have who know and feel
That Christ, the manger-King, is real—
A living Presence, come to stay
And make their lives a Christmas Day !

Triumphant carol of the skies !
The sweet, sweet song that never dies !
The song of childhood and of age,
Of prince and peasant, king and page :
And when life's sands are ebbing fast,
The Song of Victory at last !

The Magi's Gifts

WELL nigh two thousand years have fled,
Since from a distance, strangely led,
The magi found the Babe's retreat
And bowed in worship at His feet;
Then sealed their worship, we are told,
With myrrh, and frankincense, and gold—
A Gentile hand the first to bring
An offering to the new-born King.

Whence came the gold, perhaps none knew,
Nor where the fragrant perfume grew;
But sure it is, no gold more fine
Was ever dug from Ophir's mine;
Nor since has Orient sun and air
Distilled a perfume half so rare,
Save that which loving Mary poured
Upon the head of Christ, her Lord.

The child-king's hands, too small to lift,
They barely touch the magi's gift.
But lo! what light illumes each gem
Touched by the Babe of Bethlehem!

Far down the years it sheds its ray,
Dissolving darkness into day.
Oh, magi's gold! what alchemist
E'er dreamed of such a change as this!

Nor did the frankincense that shed
Its sweetness o'er the infant's bed,
Its fragrance lose by night or day,
But as the ages passed away
Its hallowed sweetness filled the air,
That man might breathe it everywhere.
Its scented breath diffuses wide
And sweetens now our Christmastide.

Dear Lord, we may not bring Thee much;
Transmute it, Master, by Thy touch;
Purge out the dross of selfish thought
With which our gifts so oft are fraught;
And though we cannot bring Thee gold,
Nor frankincense like them of old,
Take Thou our lives and let them be
A living incense, Lord, to Thee.

Easter Morn

THOUGH now and then the wise of earth
Have scoffed the story of His birth,
No skeptic mind has yet denied
That Jesus lived, that Jesus died;
But that He broke the seal of death
And summoned back the vital breath—
The story of the Easter morn—
The scoffer still receives with scorn.

How do I know that Jesus lives?
Well, this I know—that He forgives;
The giant, Sin, with subtle art,
Long years ago usurped my heart;
So strong became his iron hand,
My will was but a rope of sand;
The chafing band I still had worn
Had there not been an Easter morn!

One day a simple prayer I spoke:
"O, Lord, break thou the galling yoke!"
And, lo! as from a dream I woke
And found the giant's fetters broke;

Could Jesus, dead, have heard my plea,
Have loosed my bonds and set me free?
O, no; I still the load had borne
Had there not been an Easter morn.

How do I know that Jesus is?
The spirit of the age is His;
It lives in every word and deed
That helps a brother man in need.
With Him who spake it crucified
The Sermon on the Mount had died
With all its blessed fruit unborn,
Had there not been an Easter Morn!

How do I know that Jesus lives?
The Holy Ghost an answer gives.
Let him who can doubt part or whole,
I turn within and ask my soul:
The Spirit answers to the test
And gives the witness in my breast;
And, hark! on heavenly breezes borne,
I hear the song of Easter Morn!

To a Youth

THOUGH Honor open wide her doors
And offer you her highest seat;
Though Knowledge should unlock her doors
And lay her treasures at your feet;
Your labor to obtain the goal
Will not be worth the sacrifice,
If, after all is o'er, your soul
Should miss the Pearl of greatest price.

Epigram

EVERY duty wrought aright
Brings a pleasure all its own;
Every love its own delight,
And every cross its crown.

One Thought

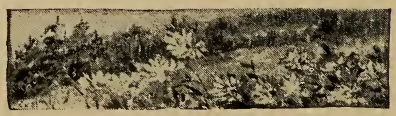
ONE thought a day,
If good it be,
May lead the way
To heaven for thee.

Last Leaf of My Diary

HOW swift to me the sands have run
Since I this little book begun ;
Line after line, page after page,
'Tis thus from childhood up to age.

These pages once were blank and white ;
What I have written there each night
If good or bad, a record bears
In all the volume of my years.
And what is unrecorded here
Is written in the Book up there.

Dear Father, hear my humble prayer :
As I begin this morn to write
The volume of another year,
Oh, help me keep its pages white.



PART III

WEDDING BELLS

Golden Bells

TO MR. AND MRS. A. C. MICHENER, ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING, JANUARY 6, 1898

LONG time ago,—how long I cannot say,
But sure no further back than Adam's day,—
A hardy tree took root on British soil,
Transferred, as I believe, from ancient Gaul;
Soon, like the far-famed tree whose branches shoot,
And, in their turn, descend again to root,
This growing scion early showed itself to be
A branch well worthy of its parent tree;

For ere the century had passed away,
The sapling's name was legion, so they say.

Of course, I could not venture here to-night
Of all these worthy lateral lines to write;
Suffice, that 'bout two hundred years ago
(Perhaps a little more—I do not know),
One sterling twig from off the parent tree
Was borne across the deep and rolling sea;
Though planted in a soil both new and strange,
One thing there was nor soil, nor sun could change,—
It was, the sturdy fiber of its frame,
Which told the Anglo trunk from which it came,—
It was, the sweet and pure religious scent
Of which old England's soil was redolent;
It was, that high aspiring life within
Which ever sought God's love and grace to win;
These are the things, inbred in blood and bone,
That perish not by simple change of home.

But if the land in which its lot be cast
Be one congenial to its native taste;
A land where not alone the sun and soil
Give fit and sure return to honest toil,

But where a silent, unseen spirit broods,
As real as are its rivers and its woods,
Which breathes new vigor into bone and blood,
And gives the soul an uplift towards its God,—
In such a land and home, 'neath such a sky,
It is not strange that, as the years passed by,
The MICHENER plant should thrive, and sprout, and grow,
Until its thick, umbrageous branches throw
Their spreading wings o'er all the land so wide,
That many miles their different stems divide.

One branch within the good old State of Penn
Bestowed the family name—no matter when—
Upon the one of whom to-night we boast,
And greet him as our brother, friend and host.
Born in the fertile, good Montgomery soil,
Where boys as well as men know how to toil;
In plain, old-fashioned Quaker manners schooled,
Where straight and rigid Orthodoxy ruled,
'Twas early judged that, as the current ran,
The MICHENER boy was father to the man;
And thus the current of his early days
Moved on through changing scenes and devious ways;

Now o'er the lea, then down the mountain side,
And now and then through some dark gorge to hide.
The years passed on, as the years will do,
And the young man nears his twenty and two.

One bright fair morn in the month of June
The birds were singing their merriest tune;
No cloud was seen in the clear blue sky,
And even the south wind hushed its sigh;
The green below and the blue above,
It was just the day you'd choose for love.

This was the kind of a morn, they say,
That Anthony C. walked down the way—
Walked down the lane and across the style
('Twas only a half, but seemed a mile).
But what do you think! Just down the way
A maiden stood in her gown of gray,
As fair as the Maud that raked the hay
When the Judge rode by that summer day;
But it is not Maud—the name she owns—
That she did own then, was—Hannah Jones.

Of all that was said that morn, 'tis well
That only two in the house can tell;

But this we know, had she told him nay
I shouldn't have written this festal lay.
The next was to say how soon their boat
Should be rigged and launched, and set afloat.
They both agreed an event so great
Were better a month too soon than late;
So the first month, sixth, was made the date,
In Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eight.
Then to the wind, and sea, and heaven,
The little craft and its crew were given.

Like many a little boat before,
It cheerily pulled away from shore;
But was there ever a bark that tried
The matrimonial sea to ride,
That found smooth sailing every day—
No counter-currents along the way?
If such you know of, oh, tell me where,
For I have not found that happy pair.

Likewise, the slender craft of which I write
Saw many a cloudy day and stormy night;
But in the storm, and in the cloud and dark,
God kept his hand beneath the little bark;

Till now, for fifty years, that same kind Hand
Has steered it clear of rock and sinking sand.
And so to-night we've come together here
To give the little craft a word of cheer.

For fifty years! 'Tis long to look ahead,
But oh, how short they seem when they have fled!
And never have the decades flown so fast
As in the fifty years that now have passed;
An age that cuts the century in half,
And spans the days of steam and telegraph;
Which saw the tallow-dip—that little sprite—
Give place to Edison's electric light;
That pitied her who toiled for daily bread
With stitch and stitch by bit of steel and thread,
And gave to her a Howe machine instead;
An age that saw and grappled with the shame
Of human slavery in Freedom's name;
An age that proudly claims the telephone,
The phonograph, and vitascope its own;
Though still between old ocean stretches wide,
Since then, as by a living tendon tied,
The continents clasp hands each day, and greet
Almost as friend greets friend upon the street.

Give to the age of stone all that it claims;
Give to the iron age its grandest names;
Give to the age of brass its gilded crest,
And give to every other age its best—
(And much there is upon its crowded page
Of which we're proud to claim the heritage),
We must, withal, bestow the well-earned crown
Upon the Golden Age we call our own.
In whatsoever field its hand has wrought,
Its heart has moved, its mind has turned its thought,
There's been more love to God and man therein,
I think, than any other age has seen.

This, then, the age that spans our friends' career,
As well, perhaps, as that of others here;
But what's the progress of the world to him
Who catches not its spirit and its vim?
Note, then, the smile upon our brother's face;
His fair companion's youthful step and grace,
And tell me if they have not in the race
Run well their part and more than kept their place.

Upon this happy night, beneath this roof,
This host of kindred souls gives ample proof

That of the MICHENER tree and JONES's line
There's no immediate danger of decline,
But signs of progress all along the line.
Of children five, plain Jones comes Number One,
Though good for two when work is to be done;
Next Evan ruled the roost a little space,
Till Howard came along and took his place;
He ruled so well and smoothly, it is said,
He early showed the smoothness on his head;
When Howard yielded up the right of way,
'Twas then young Charles began to have his say;
Next Emma came, and then that little singer
Just ruled the house as with her little finger;
She fondly clung to home, this little singer,
And clung, and clung, till she became a CLINGER.

In turn, these branches bore good lineal fruit,
Which shows marked traces of the parent root;
And grandpa's joy, and good grandma's delight
Would not be full upon this festal night,
Without the presence of those sunny faces—
Grandsons and daughters in their wonted places;
Of these, I see around a goodly throng;
Indeed, unless the poet's counted wrong,

There is a baker's dozen good and strong.
And since we've learned the nature of the *stock*,
Let no one bar an increase of the flock;
Nor ever let these daughters nor these sons
Forget that through their veins and in their bones
Is traced the names of MICHENER AND JONES.

Now a word to the groom and a word to the bride,
As well to the near ones that stand by their side;
The many dear friends who have come here to-night
To join in your gladness and feast on the sight,
Have bade me convey in this rhythmical way
(And of course I could do nothing else than obey)
Their greetings and wishes, their love and their joy,
In the heartiest words that my pen could employ;
And so I present you, for all that are here,
Their best, and their warmest good will and good cheer—
A hearty God-speed as you start on the way,
Towards, I trust, many happy returns of the day.
When the last shall have come, as it must soon or late,
And each in his turn passes up through the gate,
May all of us meet on the bright Golden Shore
In the house of our Lord to go out nevermore.

Under the Linden;

OR

What a Little Bird Said

TO REV. S. H. HOOVER, D.D., AND WIFE, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR SILVER WEDDING

IT was in the Summer's gloaming
That I sought a quiet bower
Where so oft in idly roaming
I had whiled away an hour.
There the little birds were singing
As they fluttered round their nest,
And the rustling leaves were bringing
Cooling breezes from the west.

There the buttercup was bending
To the blue-bell in the nook,
And the linden-tree was sending
Down a message to the brook.
Then the little brooklet, dancing,
Hastened on as if at play;
But I saw it upward glancing
In a most coquettish way.

To the voices in the woodland
I had listened oft before,
And a message from the goodland
They had brought me o'er and o'er;
But I never saw the linden
Bowing quite so low to hear,
Nor the buttercup a-bending
Quite so near the blue-bell's ear.

And I said, within my bower,
"Will they let the secret out—
Will the little bird and flower
Tell me what they talk about?"
"Now, you do us wrong to doubt it,"
Said a little twittering elf,

"For I'll tell you all about it
If you'll keep it to yourself."

Then the little tell-tale chattered,
In a way that tell-tales do,
Highly pleased, I thought, and flattered,
That I listened to him through;
So I should not think it mattered
If I told the same to you.

"It was in this quiet Aden,"
Said the little bird, "you know,
When the linden tree was laden
With its blossoms, bending low,
That I watched a little maiden
In the happy long ago.

"The wild flowers smiled to greet her,
When they knew her step was near;
E'en the little birds sang sweeter,
And the brooklet seemed more clear;
Oh, the hours passed the fleeter
When the little maid was here.

"But one day there walked another
By the little woman's side;
He was something more than brother,
For the happy maid replied,
'I shall have to see my mother
Ere the question I decide.'

"Then each little feathered ranger
Stole away into its nest;
We were angry with the stranger
For his mission we had guessed,
And we knew there lurked a danger
In the question he had pressed.

"In the morning, blithe and lighter
Than her step had ever been,
With her blue eyes sparkling brighter
Than the dewdrops on the green,
Ere we saw or could invite her,
In there stepped our little queen.

"'Oh, you birdies, let me tell you,'
And we heard the maiden call;

'I have something that will thrill you,'
Then the little maid grew tall;
'But you'll never tell it, will you?'
And we promised, one and all.

"'Oh, I cannot tell what made him,
But he would not be denied,
And my heart could not dissuade him
When he pressed me to his side;
So I promised I would wed him
In the early autumn tide.'

"With a heart a-bubbling over
Did she tell the story o'er;
Then she plucked a four-leaf clover,
And a sweet-breathed linden flower,
Which I knew were for her lover—
And we never saw her more.

"But one autumn day, while swinging
In my hammock by the rill,
First I heard a ting-a-linging,
Then a merry silver trill;
And I knew the bells were ringing
For the little maid's 'I will.'

"That was—let me count them over—
Five and twenty years! 'tis true;
Every little winged rover
Which the happy maiden knew,
Lies beneath the ferns and clover,
Save the one that sings to you.

"What about the maid and lover?
Were there ever tidings brought?
Do you think the robins hover
In among the eaves for naught?
I could many things uncover,
But I do not think I ought.

"Like a ship's uncertain homing,
Like a comet out in space;
Up and down the land a-roaming
Seeking an abiding place;
Ever going, ever coming—
Their abode was hard to trace.

"Fleeter than a pastor's flitting
Is a little robin's wing;

And I've followed every sitting
Of the preachers in the spring,
Wondering where the wheel in shifting
Would my little lady fling.

"But whichever way they bounded,
To the east or to the west;
If with country air surrounded,
Or with city water blest,
No complaining word was sounded—
It was always for the best.

"Five-and-twenty years together!
Every season I recall;
Life was not a buoyant feather,
Nor were all its years a pall;
But some dark and cloudy weather
Is appointed unto all.

"Oh, the path of life is narrow,
And with thorns is overlaid,
But beyond the bitter Marah
There is Elim's cooling shade,
And for every cruel arrow
God an antidote has made.

"Thus the years have glided over,
Through the flood and ebbing tide;
Long ago the four-leafed clover
And the linden blossom died;
But her Hubbard's still a lover,
And Augusta still a bride.

"And the family tree now measures,
Since the wedded years begun,
Daughter Helen—mamma's treasures,
Carl and Mitchell, full of fun;
These the centre of their pleasures—
Blessings on them every one.

"Still the birds in wood and heather
Sing and tell about the day
When the man and maid together,
Walking through the wooded way,
Talked about the trees and weather,
And what else I need not say.

"Every year, this day, when wending
Through the woodland, if you look,

You will see the linden sending
Down a message to the brook,
And the buttercup a-bending
To the blue bells in the nook.

"What they whisper I have told you,
But you promised not to tell;
If you do, I'll surely scold you
When I catch you in the dell;
To this promise, mind, I hold you—"
And the bird sang—"Fare-you-well!"

Elnathan's Wooing

A WYOMING LOVE TALE

TO MR. AND MRS. E. P. LEAR ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR SILVER WEDDING

SIERRA'S ranges teem with gold
A vast and shining store,
And Colorado's mountains hold
Rich veins of sterling ore;
But richer is the wealth that fills
Old Pennsylvania's noble hills;
The native warmth which dwells within
Their rugged bosom is akin
To that warm-heartedness and zeal
Which all her sons and daughters feel.

A Burns may write and sing the praise
Of Caledonia's "banks and braes,"
And Moore may touch his sweetest chord
To sound Killarney's name abroad;
Let Art and Poesy combine
To paint the beauties of the Rhine,
Or Master's skill portray our own
Yosemite and Yellowstone.

He whom the Muse would so incline,
Be his such task—it is not mine;
At least not now,—'tis mine to-night
Upon a happier theme to write,
"But how the subject-theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

The tale I tell is one as old
As Love's impassioned flame;
And yet it never has been told
To timid maid or lover bold,
By any two the same.

Love throws her shuttle artfully
While weaving Hymen's strands,
But coarse or fine the web will be,
According to the threads which we
May put into her hands.

She weaves not damask silk from tow,
Nor wool from cotton chain,
No more than does the farmer sow

Rank tares, and then expect to grow
A field of golden grain.

But put into the nuptial bands
A good and honest woof,
And some day she'll return the strands
A web of beauty to your hands—
As we to-night have proof.

None fairer than Wyoming's vales
And few, indeed, to mate;
None cooler than her mountain rills,
None richer than her diamond hills
In all the Keystone State.

Nor will you find a spot elsewhere
Where warmer hearts abide;
Where hands are readier to share
A portion of their scanty fare—
The half-loaf to divide.

Such was the scene, and such the parts
My story brings to view;
A modest tale of modest hearts,

Unpolished by the poet's arts,
But simply told to you.

The wind blew fierce with snow and sleet
A dreary, wild expansion;
But coals were crackling in the grate
Before which man and maiden sate—
Within the MORGAN mansion.

A half-toned smile, in manner mild,
Played round the young man's lips;
But though the maiden's heart beat wild,
Her head refused to be beguiled
By any phantom ships.

O, long-sought goal! so near at hand,
So near and yet so far;
Like yonder bark upon the sand,
With wind and wave at its command,
But not a moving spar.

To woo and win! What task more glad!
What sweeter joy than this!
(But in parenthesis I add,

Of all sad tasks there's none more sad,
Than wooing but to miss).

Though cold without, I said, and rude,
Within 'twas sunny weather,
Where, shyly as the timid brood
That nestles 'neath the underwood,
Sat man and maid together.

The distant whistle, long and shrill,
Gave warning of the hour;
The crackling coals cracked louder still;
And yet the maiden showed no will
To share Elnathan's bower.

In neither love nor war retreat
Until the battle's fought;
One hour may turn the tide complete,
And wrest a vict'ry from defeat—
So young Elnathan thought.

Do other lovers court success
And do the Fates forbid it?
O ye who woo and cannot press

The maiden into "no" or "yes,"
Hear how Elnathan did it!

"Once more, and then I rest my case,"
Elnathan said; "I'll try her;"
As, with a new smile on his face,
He rose from his accustomed place
And gazed into the fire.

Then musingly, as if he read
Some mystic meaning in it,
"Oh, live red coals, I wish," he said,
"That from your glowing urnal bed
You could but speak this minute.

"When taken from your mountain hold,
A passer-by might view you,
And, if a stranger to the wold,
Would think you cheerless, dull and cold,
Until he better knew you.

"As lurks the lightning in the cloud,
The rainbow in the shower,
The bone and sinew in the blood,

The scented blossom in the bud,
The fruitage in the flower,—

"So, in your dark recesses deep,
Sunbeams of joy and comfort sleep,
Which only need a kindling blaze
Their slumbering energies to raise.
And as their genial beams beguile
And cheer the hearthstone with their smile,
I sit and think, and dream the while.

"What are my thoughts, and what my dreams?
Why, this my thought: to me it seems
That ye, once dull, now sparkling coals,
Are very much like human souls;
We see the man, but do not know
What slumbering embers lie below,
Till touched by some enkindling brands
They wake to life and break their bands.

"Then leaps the heart, once dull and tame.
Into an all-consuming flame;
And as I sit within your glow
And watch your life-tide ebbing low,
Warming, cheering, while you can,

Then dying for the needs of man,
I wish my own heart had its vent,
How gladly would its life be spent
In thought and labor all day long
To make her life a June day song.

"The cattle on a thousand hills,
The gold that packs the banker's tills,
The wealth that field and mine confer,
It is not mine to offer her.
But what should piles of gold avail
When Winter's biting blasts assail?
His ghoulish glee could not be told
Did we attempt to break his hold,
Or tame his breath, with burning gold.

"Sometimes, also, the heart's lone vale
Is swept by some unfeeling gale,
Against whose sting and secret pain
The potency of gold is vain;
It needs the softer touch and tone;
It needs a hand to clasp its own;
It needs the word of love and cheer;
It needs the sympathetic tear.

"Would God have made the shining sun
Were there no worlds to shine upon;
Or given the rose or lily room,
Were there no eyes to see it bloom?
Or you, ye smiling coals, would He
Have formed your beds, then set you free,
And made you master of the storm,
Had there not been some homes to warm?

"If not, why should He touch my heart,
As by a Moses' rod, and start
The fire of my soul aburning,
And yet the object of my yearning,—
The one I long to have and bless,
Refuse to answer no or yes!
Ah, well, from you, live coals, I'll learn"—
Here the maiden raised her lashes—
"To let the heart-coals burn and burn,
And burn away to ashes."

Love laughs at reason, but is weak
Before a heart that's bleeding;
So when Elnathan ceased to speak,
He found the maiden weeping.

O, happy tears! They mean success
Within the passing minute;
For Ettie then and there said yes,
And all her heart was in it.

The coals cracked louder in the grate;
The wild winds blew their greeting;
But wilder in its blissful state
Elnathan's heart was beating.

Of course, as was the proper thing,
They lived, and loved and waited,
Until one early day in Spring,
When, like the birds, they mated.

They mated! 'Tis a better word
Than I had thought of using;
For many an altar vow is heard,
Where wedding is but choosing.

But whether with or 'gainst the tide,
In bright or cloudy weather,
Elnathan and his sunny bride
Have pulled their oars together.

And were the silver bells alive,
They'd sing in merry measure,
And tell of one score years and five
Of wedded bliss and pleasure.

Nor has Elnathan e'er forgot
His heart-thought and desire,
That evening when he read his lot
From out the glowing fire.

Cold winds sometimes have beat around
And many a day been dreary;
But sunshine still within was found,—
The hearthstone always cheery;—

The latch-string out for anyone,
A welcome, too, behind it;
And they who came for help,—or fun,
Were always sure to find it.

And oft does Ettie sit and sit,
And wonder what was in it,
That made Elnathan's happy hit
Upon that fateful minute.

But mem'ry makes the spot more dear—
They call it now their Bethel,
And tell the story every year
To happy Roy and Ethel.

To write the past's an easy thing;
But neither priest nor poet
Can turn his horoscope and bring
The future up and show it.

I only can extend my hand,
My wishes and my prayers,
That He who tied the nuptial band
May spare it many years,—

And that the old-time warmth and glow
May ever keep its brightness;
And when the winds of sorrow blow,
Oh, may they blow in lightness.

And now, my little tale is done;
I herewith hand it to you,—
A simple tribute sent from one
Who's glad he ever knew you.

PART IV

MISCELLANEOUS

The Ruling Passions

THE motives that incite the human race
Vary as the habiliments that grace
Each individual form, though oft unseen
Through oily words and counterfeited mien.
In some, the spur that thus incites their will
Is born of circumstances good or ill;
Events that in themselves were little worth
Have shaped men's lives and given birth
To thoughts of rankling hate, or deeds of crime
That else had never blurred the book of Time;
Likewise, a kindly word, the falling tear,
The utterance of Passion's lips—the ear
Of generations yet unborn may hear.

In most, the motives that usurp control
Are wedded, like the body, to the soul,
And only cease to act, if cease they do,
When Death, the arbiter, divides the two.

To say that many passions that impel
Men's deeds are pure and heaven-born, is well;
Alas! how true that many others dwell

In human breasts that were conceived in hell!
But come these inclinations whence they may—
By haps, or inbred with our native clay,
If good or bad, a blessing or a ban,
They stamp, identify and make the man—
Shape every act, absorb his mind, and bend
All minor actions to subserve their end.

As instance the Miser, with heart as cold
And soul more cankered than his heaps of gold;
How every energy of heart and brain
Is strained to minister to greedy gain!
To add one dollar to his hoarded store
He'd kiss his bitter foe and bow before;
He laughs—but only counting o'er his coin;
And weeps—if counting show one dollar gone;
All estimate of pleasure, grief or pain,
Is made upon the scale of "loss and gain."

Or, witness him who aims with Glory's pen
To write a name above his fellow-men;
How oft its gilded point is tarnished o'er
By widows' tears, or "dipped in murder's gore!"
He loves, when Love gives luster to his name;

He hates, if Hate will feed Ambition's flame,
And vice and virtue are but cloaks to him
That may be worn when suits his passion's whim;
Or e'en, Napoleon like, he's nothing loth
To mock high heaven with a broken oath,
And having gained the summit of renown,
In dreary Alexandrine mood look down
Where shattered hearts as well as worlds abound,
And sigh that Fame has not another round!

The Sensualist will scarce forsake his way
Though embassies of saints be sent to pray;
Nor can Position lure, nor Love entice
The wretched one from his accustomed vice;
Affection cannot charm, nor Mind dissuade
The Gamester from his soul-absorbing trade;
Not void of higher thoughts, yet less intense,
The nobler passions drown in that of Sense.

Or, moved by nobler aspirations, see
A man of Science, a Nature's devotee,
Who all his precious years will gladly spend
To read her laws aright and comprehend.
If once in him a new idea's born,

He'll prove it if it be through years of scorn;
For years amid a jeering multitude
A humble Genoese in patience stood,
But triumph came at last, when Faith caressed
The wide and unknown region of the West.

Without a friend, undaunted and alone,
Though all Philosophy oppose his own,
The young, brave GALILEO stands like stone!
Had poverty or social disrepute
Deterred brave JENNER from his life pursuit,
Science had lost a name deserving of a place
Among the benefactors of our race.
Had disappointment turned them from their course,
A STEPHENSON, a FULTON, FAUST and MORSE
Had been to us unknown; and FIELD had planned
In vain his continent-connecting band;
A PHIDIAS' chisel had not cut his name
Upon the tablet of immortal Fame,
Nor RAPHAEL'S dextrous hand e'er learned to trace
Dame Nature's face with such enchanting grace.
Or, seek the STUDENT o'er his volume bent,
And ask why thus his years of life are spent:
By thirst of wealth, or high position led?

Seeks he a name to live when he is dead?
Although 'twere mortal thus to wish, indeed,
His soul does not on such desires feed,—
He seeks his books but for his soul's delight,
And drinks to sate an inborn appetite!
What moves the Gospel Messenger who stands
The herald of the Cross in heathen lands?
If riches or a name, then few, indeed,
Have yet inherited the precious meed;
But, no: 'tis no such selfish end controls
The man—'tis love for God and human souls.

And thus might I survey humanity
Through all its grades—from prince to peasantry:
We find a motive power within the man
That turns his thoughts, develops every plan:
Perhaps authority may check its force,
Or counter-wave divert it from its course;
But, as the bow will take its former bent,
Soon as the arrow on its way is sent,
The smoldering embers, though long confined,
Light to a flame upon the slightest wind,
So where, unhindered, man pursues his way,
The Ruling Passion will assert her sway;

Will lead him up by many a winding flight
To Fame's high pinnacle or Glory's height;
Through Study's gate to fields of richest lore
Oft visited in lone day-dreams before;
Perchance, to some sweet Love-enchanted place,
Or dally him in Pleasure's soft embrace.

When deep within us those powers prevail
That tend to lower us in Manhood's scale,
No hope for him who leans on human source
For aid to check or turn their destined course;

As well attempt to check old Ocean's tide
Or turn the furious hurricane aside;

As well the Ethiope change his skin, as man,
By moral force, keep Passion under ban:
By Him alone can such a work be wrought
Who knows the man and reads the inmost thought;
And He, if asked, will break, or grace impart
To turn the evil current of the heart.

O, let us, then, who feel impelled towards wrong
By powers within unconquerably strong,
Seek freedom in the Law of Him whose blood
Was shed to bring the worldling back to God!

The Tide to Fortune

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
—*Shakespeare.*

WITH faith in thee, Immortal Bard,
I've labored long and labored hard,
And watched and waited many a day,
To see the proof of what you say;
But wheresoe'er I turn my eye,
Above, below, in earth or sky,

There's not a sign on either side
That bodes the coming of the tide.

That now and then, 'tis very true,
A circumstantial wave or two
Arose upon life's even sea,
But every time to carry me
Much farther off from fortune's shore
Than I had ever been before;
Or, if betimes, a prosperous tide,
The waves were sure to soon subside.

O, Shakespeare! had you told us *when*
This "tide in the affairs of men"
Would cross our way, and how to know
It would not *ebb* instead of *flow*,
Or when 'twas *neap* instead of *spring*,
You then had done a blessed thing,
And not, like witches did Macbeth,
Deluded mortals unto death.

To the Snow-Flakes

FALL thick and fast, O, little flakes,
And cover mountain, hill and lea;
It is thy presence here that makes
All that winter ought to be.
No sad or dreary thoughts you bring,
As doth the melancholy blast;
A hundred welcomes then, we sing,
Fall thick and fast! Fall thick and fast!

A hundred little hands are out
To catch you as you're flying past;
A hundred merry voices shout,
Fall thick and fast! Fall thick and fast!
I love their fun! I love their din,
I like to hear the merry shout,
While all the village belles within
Are waiting for the bells without.

Fall thick and fast! The old in years
Are watching at the window light,
Who, ere another snow appears
May pass forever from our sight;

Intent they watch and anon seem
To live again the age that's past!
O, wake them not, but while they dream
Fall thick and fast! Fall thick and fast!

Criticism

An Old Story in a New Dress

IT happened on a certain date,
The natives of the wood
Had come together to debate
Upon the general good;
And as it chanced, upon that day,
A lamb had lost its road,
Which, searching for its homeward way,
Fell in upon the crowd.

The innocent but luckless lamb
Was such a novel brute,
That soon its personage became
The subject of dispute.
The goat was first to speak and said:
"I cannot much condemn,

The beast has got a pretty head
And finely finished limb."

"Pooh!" said the lion: "too absurd;
A pretty beast I own;
But such a voice I never heard—
It's but an infant's tone."
"Nay," said the deer, "his voice, at least,
Is not a butt for fun;
I thought the thing a goodly beast
Until I saw him run."

"Quite true," the tiger said; "and more,
What *can* he do, pray tell,
He cannot run, he cannot roar—
He can do nothing well;
He's altogether bad, and why?
He's of that silly class
Who never dine on meat like I,
But nibble only grass."

Thus all in turn the lamb surveyed
With criticising gaze;
The less the beast was like them made,
The lighter was their praise.

And yet the lamb was very good,
More useful, too, we know,
Than many natives of the wood
With more pretentious show.

MORAL.

Most critics of the human kind
Act on this very plan;
Lay bare whatever faults they find,
Hide all the good they can.
A measure of themselves is made,
And things are right or wrong,
Precisely as their tinge or shade
Unto themselves belong.

Temperance Song

COME, rally round our standard, boys,
The fountain sweet and free,
Where blooming health and honest wealth
Are waiting you and me.
We'll shun the rosy goblet, boys,
That holds the cunning wine;

It carries death upon its breath
And never shall be mine.

Then gather round our standard, boys,
The fountain sweet and free,
Where age and youth, in Love and Truth,
Have fullest liberty ;
And where the will has power still
To lead and to control,
And liberty secures to thee
The freedom of the soul.

Yes, gather to the fountain, boys,
Beneath the Temperance tree,
And we shall sup from a golden cup
The nectar of the free ;
'Tis crystal clear without a germ
Of misery or sin ;
No blanched cheek shall e'er bespeak
Of bitter dregs within.

Drink freely at the fountain, boys !
See how it sparkles clear !
Come ! honest wealth and blooming health
And happiness are here.

'Tis better than the goblet, boys,
That holds the ruddy wine,
Which carries death upon its breath,
And never shall be mine.

Only a Smile

TO S. J. N

MY dearest friend, as I to thee
This simple tribute proffer,
Extend the hand I oft have clasped
And take the kindly offer.
I shall not stay to hear thy thanks,
But be well paid the while,
If thou wilt give in recompense
A simple, loving smile.

When words, the best, at times seem weak,
Our meaning to convey,
A simple smile will often speak
Just what the heart would say.
If thou wouldst know how much, my dear,
It does the heart beguile,

Thou need'st but turn and give just here,
To him who speaks, thy smile.

Oh, never may it, dearest friend,
Though wintry days appear,
Be thine to feel the frosts that tend
To chill a love sincere;
And if thou wouldst illume thy place
With sunshine all the while,
Keep ready in thy heart and face
This same sweet, loving smile.

Lines

TO S. H. H., ON HIS BIRTHDAY

TO-DAY brings your birthday, dear Doctor, I learn,
And I give you my hand on its happy return;
May there be many more, and as oft as they come
Bring a blessing to you and the loved ones at home.

I've heard of a tree in the far eastern clime
That never grows old by the touches of time;

Its leaf withers not as the ages pass o'er,
And its fruit is as sweet as the first that it bore.

I know of a friend very dear to my heart
Who carries his age with an exquisite art;
How rapid the years of his pilgrimage steal,
The locks that have vanished will never reveal.

The locks that are left him are tingeing with gray,
And sometimes I think Father Time is at play;
But then, in a moment, his quick flashing eye
Dispels the illusion and gives it the lie.

On the lines of his genial and good-looking face
Time's fingers can leave but a shadowy trace;
So were I to guess, by the *signs that I see*,
Of the age of my friend, I should say—*thirty-three*.

New Year's Eve

PRAY, can you tell
Why shot and bell
Should always give the year farewell?
Why must we hear,
As dies the year,
This self-same requiem o'er his bier?

What has he done,
That every one
Is at his heels with loaded gun?
Has he not brought
The joy he ought,
And was his stay with sorrow fraught?

Are you afraid,
While he lingers,
He might trace with phantom fingers
Some hidden deed
You'd blush to read
And wish the year would keep its dead?

Pray, don't you know
With what a din,

A year ago, you rang him in?
And 'mid the chimes
What happy times
You "pictured in prophetic rhymes?"

And now, forsooth,
What then did seem
A pleasing truth, you find a dream?
And that the year,
With toil and care,
Did naught but disappointment bear?

Blame not the year,
For at his birth
He warned thee of his sacred worth;
The time that's flown
Was all thine own,
And thou hast reaped as thou hast sown.

Boys' Holiday Song

A holiday! A holiday!
O, pass the word around, boys!
And let the song be quick and strong—
There's music in the sound, boys!
Then pack your books and clear the hooks,
O, spread it wide and far, O!
And tell the mountains and the brooks
We'll be on hand to-morrow!

These holidays are very few,
Much fewer than we like, sir;
How would it do for us and you
To get more by a strike, sir?
But pack your books and clear the hooks,
And do not trouble borrow!
We'll talk about the next one, boys,
When we have spent to-morrow!

We're neither lazy, dull nor slow,
Nor have we time to fritter;
But then too long a draught, you know,
Will make the sweetest bitter.

Then pack your books and clear the hooks!
But listen to the warning:
A double mark for every one
That isn't here next morning.

Thanks be to him who, from his chair
Of high official station,
Gives us a day to run and play
By legal proclamation!
Then pack your books and clear the hooks!
O, spread it wide and far, O!
And tell the mountains and the brooks
We'll be on hand to-morrow!

When I grow up and take his pen,
My first decree shall be, boys,
A holiday in every ten,
And school hours only three, boys!
But pack your books and clear the hooks!
And do not stop to sorrow!
Though we obey the laws to-day,
We'll make our own to-morrow!

To Corinne

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A GOLD "C. E." PENDANT

THE little gift I hand you here
Is not of much intrinsic worth,
But in it I discern, my dear,
A fit memento of your birth.
The monogram it bears is now
An honored badge in every zone;
But long before the "C. E." vow,
These same initials were your own.

Though small the gift, 'tis free from dross;
Nor does the artisan's design
Need any artificial gloss
To give it worth, or help it shine;
Likewise, when God shall take the heart
And purge it from the dross of sin,
It shall not need the touch of art
To show the Christian grace within.

A caution here, I note with care,
Which points a moral, too, within:
Whenever you the badge shall wear
Be sure and tightly clasp the pin;

As with the emblem, so with those
Who link their lives to Jesus' own;
Their hand in his they need to close
Nor try to walk the road alone.

Wear, then, the little monogram,
And as it glistens in the light,
Its silent story of the Lamb
May touch some wand'rer of the night.
The badge may break—some day it will;
But never will the gold decay;
E'en so, the worker dies, but still
The work goes on from day to day.

My Childhood Home

LONG years have passed since last I stood
Within this well-remembered wood;
For wood it was, and little more,
When I, a boy, was here before.

But no familiar sights I see
That bring the old days back to me;

I look around, but cannot trace
A friendly hand or smiling face.

I seek the drooping willow tree
Whose boughs so oft had sheltered me;
It is not here; the old oak, too,
Has fallen by the woodman's blow.

I look to see the dear old spot
Where I was born; it, too, is not;
It was not much, for I recall
The pebbled roof and old stone wall.

But it was home; and I have not,
In all my wand'rings, found a spot
To me so dear as that sweet place
Where still I see my mother's face.

One day, not long before she died,
My mother called me to her side,
And, as her custom was, she took
From off the shelf her well-worn Book.

We walked together to the brook,
Where, seeking her accustomed nook,

She sat upon the soft green sod
And read to me the Word of God.

I've traveled far and wide since then,
And seen the good and bad in men;
But I have kept in memory dear
The words my mother read me here.

How glad I am, O little brook,
That I at least on thee can look;
But thou dost see more change in me,
I ween, than I can see in thee.

Dost thou recall the idle hour
I flung to thee the wild pink flower,
And, childlike, as I set it free,
I begged thee, give it back to me?

Upon that hour I flung to thee
The most of life's sweet fragrancy;
Still, childlike, for my flowers I yearn,
But call in vain for their return.

The World Would Profit By It

IF men would preach the Word, forsooth,
As in the Book they found it,
And not evade the printed truth
By preaching all around it,
Though some, perhaps, it might offend,
And some would misapply it,
The world, I think, would in the end,
Be much the better by it.

If editors had spunk enough,
(A virtue some inherit,)
To give to all who ask a puff
Exactly what they merit,
Or, where they cannot justly praise,
If they would just keep quiet,
The world would profit, some one says,
And be the better by it.

If honesty and worth were made
The test at our elections,
Regardless of a candidate's
Political connections,

Though demagogues would badly fare,
And every rogue deplore it,
The poor "dear people" everywhere
Would be the better for it.

If men drank more of Adam's ale,
And fewer dramshop doses,
They'd have more color in their cheeks,
And less upon their noses.
If men cared less for social clubs,
I venture to conjecture,
They'd save some ugly family rubs
And many a curtain lecture.

If boys just half-way through their teens,
Were not such perfect Solons,
To think their little pates contain
More brains than Hume's or Rollins':
But would some older counsel take
And rigidly apply it,
Much wiser men we know they'd make
And be the better by it.

If some young men who seem afraid
To soil their hands with labor,

Would learn that hammer, pick and spade,
Are nobler than the saber,
And shun not any honest work
That yields them clothes and diet:
We know that Christian, Jew or Turk,
Would be the better by it.

If women who go bobbing round,
And talk of human progress:
That in a year or two they're bound
To vote and go to Congress,
Would let such silly stuff alone,
And evermore ignore it,
Their husbands, if no other one,
Would be the better for it.

To Amabel

THE autograph, my friend, you claim,
Is but a bard's unknown to fame,
Who sometimes whiles away an hour
Reclining in the Muses' bower.

But think not that a poet's eyes,
Are turned forever toward the skies,
The waving fields, the laughing streams,
Or e'en the hues of Fancy's dreams.

Believe me, dear, a moment's glance
From eyes like thine, would more entrance
A poet's thoughts, than fairest scene
Of Alpine hills of snow or green.

That he on whom that glance shall rest
In Love's sweet smile, may be the best
Among the many at thy shrine,
Must be the prayer of Truly Thine.

Over At Last

IT is over at last,
It is over at last;
The clouds have departed
The ordeal is passed—
The work of the sword
And the bayonet done!

It is over at last,
And the nation is one!

It is over at last!
Not a stripe nor a star
Has been blotted or dimmed
By the blasts of the war.
With luster still brighter,
More glorious they wave
"O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

The lesson was fearful!
We learned, when too late,
Of the life-blood uniting
Each sovereign state;
But it's over at last,
And in victory's glow
We shall weep for the dead
Of the friend and the foe.

It is over at last!
May it early be found
That love and forbearance
Has healed every wound;

And together as brothers
We'll march at the call
To a future that's bright
With a glory for all.

The Old and the New*

DEAR friends, I think 'tis meet and right,
On this auspicious day,
That we, the boys and girls, so bright,
Should have a word to say;
And so, in their behalf, I come,
To kindly thank our Board
For building us this pleasant home
Out here in Haverford.

And yet, the old familiar spots
Where we have played for years,
Bring up some very pleasant thoughts—
Perhaps to some bring tears.

* Written for, and recited by, Miss Marion Moore, on the occasion of the dedication of a new school-house at Manoa, Haverford district, Delaware county, Pa.

Not we alone, but some of you
Have studied there and played,
In days when Birch was monarch true
Of all that he surveyed.

These were the good old days, they say;
But it is very strange,
That they who liked the good old way
Should want to have a change.
If old-time things were half as good
As they would have it known,
Why did they not, as wise men should,
Let good enough alone?

Oh, no; though very wise and good,
Our fathers never thought
The world knew all it ever would,
Or ever could, or ought.
They did the best with what they had,
But watched for something new;
And when it came along, were glad
To vote to put it through.

And so, while some few townships slept
Or moved with tortoise pace,

Old Haverford has always kept
A front and leading place.
We take another step to-day,
All honor to our Board;
And every boy and girl will say,
"Hurrah for Haverford!"

We thank you kindly one and all—
The Board who had the will,
As well as them on whom they'll call
To foot the little bill.
"But will it pay?" some one will say;
Just wait a month or two,
Till we get fairly on the way,
And then we'll talk to you.

A word to you before this ends,
Dear scholars, every one;
Let's do our best to show our friends
The good work they have done.
When comes our turn to legislate
And sit upon the Board,
The finest school-house in the State
Shall be in Haverford.

A Voice From the Urn*

IN days when the life-blood was warm in my heart,
I walked with humanity, filling my part;
I never pretended to mix or compete
With those of society called the *Elite;*
But thanks to the progress of science, Cremation
Has made quite a change in my relative station.

I'm here, as it were, in my new urnal bed,
A jewel come down from some ancestral head;
No ornament round me, on table or shelf,
Compares in adornment, I'm told, to myself,
While Flora, with roses and choice immortelle,
Diffuses her fragrance around where I dwell.

Although in the body my thoughts seldom rose
Beyond the wild pleasures of earth or its woes,
While here, I have thought—if a friend were to place
A flower or two in my urnal embrace,
I might, Phœnix-like, from my ashes arise,
Ascending in sweetest perfume to the skies.

* This poem is purely a poetic sentiment and is not to be taken as the author's views on the subject of cremation.

How happy the thought! To arise in the bloom
Of daffodil, lily, or pink, from the tomb!
To be culled by some beautiful hand, it may be,
To wear as a fragrant memento of me;
Or gathered, for aught I may know, to adorn
The form of some loved one prepared for the urn.

O, much better thus than consigned to a berth
Four feet in the bosom of cold mother earth!
What though the green sward that encloses the tomb
Be strewn o'er with flowers of rarest perfume?
'Tis cold comfort still for the sleeper to know
That worms are his bosom companions below!

Then why should the spirit of mortals, so proud,
Still cling to the coffin, the grave and the shroud?
Preferring to rest with a white slab above,
Than be worn in the bosom of Friendship or Love!
As if it were easier to rot than to burn,—
The dark grave a sweeter repose than the urn.

The Money King

WHAT is it, pray, to be enrolled
Upon the list a "millionaire?"
To heap together piles of gold,
And dine upon the richest fare?
Yes, that it is, but many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
To have some sycophant about,
To fawn and flatter and to share
The few stray crumbs you scatter out?
Yes, that it is, and many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
In politics the weighty stone
That holds a puppet in the chair,
But sits the power behind the throne?
Yes, that it is, and many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
To occupy the foremost pew,

And never hear a sermon bear
Particularly hard on you?
Yes, that it is, but many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
To clothe in robes magnificent,
And underneath the purple wear
A chafing garb of discontent?
Yes, that it is, and many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
Your life, however nobly spent,
To hear an envious world declare
You never earned an honest cent?
Yes, that it is, and many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
To have the blessed means to give
To toiling poverty and care
And help humanity to live?
Yes, that it is, and many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

What is't to be a millionaire?
To rule mankind, oppress or bless;
To die regretted; or leave an heir
A name debased by sordidness;
All this it is, and many a thing
Besides, to be a Money King.

The King And the Saint

AN ENGLISH LEGEND

IN the days when the Norsemen invaded the land,
Defeating the Saxons and ruling awhile,
King Alfred escaped with a few of his band,
And hid in the wilds of a desolate isle.

A story is told of the fugitive king
While hid in this dreary abode of the sea,

For the truth of which, though, I have nothing to
bring,
And only relate it as told unto me.

The legend, then is, that, when three years or more,
The monarch had lived in this narrow retreat,
A pilgrim appeared at his majesty's door,
And tremblingly asked for a morsel to eat.

"Sit thee down, my poor friend;" said the king with
a sign;
"My board is but scanty as you may well see;
Yet this one tiny loaf and these few drops of wine,
I'll cheerfully share, weary traveler, with thee."

The pilgrim partook of the wine and the bread,
Then arose, thanked his host and passed from
the door;
But lo! when at noon-time the table was spread,
The bread and the wine were as much as before!

Now, Alfred was puzzled, and could not divine
From whence came the stranger, or whither he
went;

But he thought all day of the bread and the wine,
And whether for evil or good it was meant.

But at night, as he lay wide awake on his bed,
Recalling and linking events of the day,
A light of great beauty flit over his head,
And an image stood by him in priestly array.

Of such marvelous sheen was the face of his guest,
The king looked amazed! but he well understood
By the book in his hand and the rood on his breast,
That he came to him there as an angel of good.

"Who art thou?" said Alfred, essaying to speak:
"And what, holy one, is thy message, I pray?"
"I am Cuthbert, the soldier of Jesus the meek,
And he whom you fed at your table to-day."

"Now I know," said the saint, "thou art worthy to reign,
And henceforth thy battles shall also be mine;
Then be of good cheer, for the arm of the Dane
Shall meet in a fortnight St. Cuthbert's and thine.

"Then arise, and go forth at the earliest morn;
And ere yonder moon be risen again,
The hills that re-echo the blasts of thy horn,
Shall be crowned with a legion of Albion's men.

"And if thou wilt obey the commands of the Lord,
And teach to thy sons and the nation his word,
With thy freedom regained and thy kingdom restored,
Thy prayers for thy people shall always be heard."

Then Alfred was glad, and arose in the morn,
And sounded the Albion war cry again,
When lo! as was told, at the sound of his horn,
A column of lances appeared down the glen.

And then, once again met the Saxon and Dane;
And loud were the shouts when the battle was o'er,
For the signal of triumph that waved o'er the plain,
Told Alfred was king of the island once more.

Lines to Ina

ON HER FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY

LENGTH'NING, like the shadows thrown
By the fast-retreating moon,
Is the shadow that is cast
On the dial of the Past;
Like Aurora's early born
Breaking into rosy morn;
Like the mellow eve of May
Merging into Summer's day:—

Like the early breaking bud,
Peeping from its leafy hood;
Softly as the snowflakes meet,
Or the tread of angels' feet,
Does thy young Spring's even tide
Into Summer's morning glide.

You will know her by her gay,
Merry laugh and winsome way;
By the sparkle of her eye,
And her cheek of ruddy dye;
By the sunny rays that seem
All around her path to beam.

May she even come to thee
Brighter than she's wont to be;
Bearing to your open hand
Treasures from her sunny land—
Pleasure blossoms rare and sweet
As ever lay at maiden's feet.

These my earnest wishes are—
More, indeed—my earnest prayer;
Yet, dear Ina, let me say,
You will find along the way
Many sin-inviting flowers
Like the fruit in Eden's bowers.

These at first will seem to you
Roses of the richest hue;
But their touch will leave behind
Stains upon the heart and mind;
And their very breath will bear
To the soul a poisoned air.

May you very early learn
Sweet from bitter to discern;
You will need no better guide

Than the Bible by your side;
What the world may say or do
Dare not be the rule for you;
For a thousand pluck and eat
Bitter fruit and call it sweet,
As the man's perverted taste
Makes the sick'ning weed a feast.

What diversions you should choose,
What the pleasures to refuse,
Let your own heart be the test—
What is right is always best.
If the lamp of Truth divine
Luminate that heart of thine,
Then the secret voice within,
Ever vigilant of sin,
Will help you choose and keep secure
Only what is good and pure.

India's Cry for Bread

THERE'S a land in the West that the Lord has blest
With a rich and abundant store,
Where the fields bend down with a golden crown
As they often have done before.

There's a land in the West in whose mountainous breast
Are the treasures of wealth untold;
Where the cattle that roam on their prairie home
We can count by the thousand-fold.

There's a land in the West where the Gospel test
Is as broad as the Gospel plea;
Where "thy neighbor" is he that hath need of thee,
Whether home or across the sea.

There's a land in the East where the earth has ceased
To nourish the child of her breast;
And a pitiful sigh and a pleading cry
Comes over the sea to the West.

It has heard the request! The heart of the West
Sends quick to the East a reply:
"O, be ye of good cheer! There's bread over here,
For us and for you, a supply!"

Never in "Now"

"I LONG for my manhood,"
Says Youth with a sigh;
"This world is too busy
For boys such as I."

"Were I in my boyhood,"
Says wild Twenty-one,
"I know I'd do better
Than I have yet done."

"If I were but twenty,"
Says young Thirty-two,
"The wide world before me,
I know what I'd do."

"If I were but thirty,"
Says strong Forty-five,
"I'd care for the future
In days when I thrive."

"If I were but forty,"
Says Age, "I would try
If I might not accomplish
Some good ere I die."

Ah! boyhood and manhood,
And Age-wrinkled brow,
See a time that is golden,
But never in NOW!

Harold's First Year

A YEAR has gone since Harold came
To brighten, cheer and bless our "hame";
Through cold and heat and storm severe,
A Father's hand has kept our dear:
We thank Him for this twelve-months' joy
And ask Him still to keep our boy.

Memorial Day

THE flowers have blossomed and decayed
Above the grave
Of the honored brave,
Whose dust beneath these mounds is laid ;
We've seen the year
Come in its gorgeousness arrayed,
And disappear—
In Summer's rosary profuse
And Autumn's variegated hues,—
Since last we spread
Above their bed
Our floral offerings to the dead.

And now, emerged from Winter's gloom,
Sunshine and showers
Revive the flowers
We planted last upon their tomb;
With their advent
While first the air of their perfume
Is redolent,
We here again commemorate
Their noble deeds, and consecrate
Our honors to perpetuate
The sacred trust inviolate,
As thus we strew
These flowers anew
Above the nation's tried and true.

These wreaths that now in beauty lie,
To-morrow's sun
Shall look upon
And one by one will fade and die;
But ere their death,
The Summer breezes passing by
Will waft far up into the sky
Their fragrant breath;
Fit emblem this, of those who fight
And fall contending for the Right.

How speak these flowers we have strewed?
Of Passion quelled;
Of Truth upheld;
Of Hate expelled and Trust renewed;
Of motives pure;
Of aspirations high and good
That keep the ties of brotherhood
In Love secure.

Fit tributes to the dead; 'tis thus
They speak with silent voice to us;
And wisdom 'twere in all, to heed
The lessons which the flowers read;
Thus Harmony,
Fidelity,
With blessed Charity combined,
Shall link the heart, enlarge the mind,
Till wheresoe'er
The seas shall bear
The boasted emblem of the Free,
The language of the stars shall be—
Peace, Love, and Faith, and Unity.

What Makes a Scot?

REPLY TO GERTRUDE STUART BAILLIE'S "A QUESTION OF IDENTITY."

IF you should bring a wagon o'er
From Scotland to Columbia's shore,
You ask, and after many years,
By new additions and repairs,
It should be thoroughly renewed—
New paint, new iron and new wood—
Could it be called the same old shay
You brought from Scotland all the way?
Of course, like you, I answer, Nay.

In your corporeal frame, you say,
The same stern law has had its way
E'er since, long years ago, you came
To make America your "hame;"
That not an atom now remains
In bone or muscle, nerve or veins,
That you from Caledonia brought—
How then can you be called a Scot?

Excuse me, lady, will you not?
But one thing surely you've forgot;

Your wagon must be out and out
American, without a doubt.
But think a moment—tell me what
It is that makes a Pict or Scot;
The brawny arm and hardy frame?
Do bone and muscle meet the claim?
If that be all, why then, 'tis true,
No Scottish taint belongs to you;
For all of this, as you have said,
Of course, has long ago been shed.

But, shade of Wallace! tell it not
That this is all that makes a Scot.
With change of *dress* shall it be said
The *spirit* of the Scot is dead?
What heel of tyrant could not do,
Nor torture of the stake subdue,
What man nor devil could not still,
Shall simple change of tissue kill!
Oh, breathe it not aloud, for fear
The spirit of a Bruce be near!

Ah, no! the change that has been wrought,
As your philosophy has taught,

Has been in dress, and dress alone—
The Scotchman's *soul* is still your own ;
The other was but nothing more
Than garments brought from Scotia's shore.
The sheath may change, but I opine
If thou wilt search that heart of thine,
Thou'lt find therein, I trust, some spot
Where dwells the *spirit* of the Scot.

On the Advent of a Little Boy

CONGRATULATIONS ! yes, I know
I should have sent them long ago ;
But though I'm late, it gives me joy
To know it is a little boy.
And I am told, dear Mrs. Tyson,
Never was there such a nice one.
And now, with love from all to you,
To proud papa and aunty too,
I pray that God may keep the boy,
And some day, to his parents' joy,
Will use him in His own employ.

A Lament

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN, A TEACHER.

I'VE stood beside the bed of him
"Whose face was furrowed o'er with years,"
And watched the flame of life grow dim,
Amid a household's falling tears;
And when the fluttering spark had fled,
I looked upon the aged dead,
And in my inward soul I said:
"When thus with age my powers fail,
I shall not mourn, methinks, the day,
When Death shall drop his sable veil
And close the scene of life for aye."

I've seen one hour a rosy pet
Smile sweetly on its mother's breast,
Which, ere another sun had set,
Was laid in death's embrace to rest;
And when the cherub spirit fled
I stood beside the sleeper's bed,
And, 'mid my scalding tears, I said:
"'Tis well with thee! God knows, my child,
What paths thy little feet would tread,

When pleasure lured and vice beguiled,
And cares fell heavy on thy head."

But when I see the sentence fall
On one of early manhood's roll,
So full of promise to us all,
In intellect, and heart, and soul,—
I can but look upon the clay,—
Consigned to mother earth away,
And bow the weeping head, and say:
"I cannot now Thy ways discern;
The future may the mist dispel;
Enough, that in the Book I learn
The Father 'doeth all things well.'"

And he beside whose early tomb,
I lately stood, a weeping friend,
Was truly such a one in whom
The mental and the moral blend;
At every draught unsatisfied,
He sat insatiable beside
The wells of truth until he died.
Until he died! What then? Think you
The mind's researches end with death,

And that the knowledge gained below
Will pass away as does our breath?

Oh, no! the soul shall find in store
Some things to learn as well as love;
That death is but an entrance door
Into a higher school above!
And He who taught by Galilee
Good will to men and charity,
Our Higher Teacher there shall be;
We who are left but wait the call
That disenthralls the fettered soul,
And when it comes, God grant that all
Be found upon the Master's Roll!

A Truth Half Told

"BEWARE of them who never laugh,"
Is truth well told but only half;
The other half let me declare:
Of them who never weep, beware.

The Bachelor's Broken Vow

THE shades of night were falling fast
As through a Schuylkill village passed
A modern knight of princely mien,
Who bore upon his brow serene
Some strange resolve, 'twas plainly seen.

His manly form arrayed in state,
From tip to toe immaculate,
Awakened strange surmise and dread,
That he, our honored chief and head,
Did seriously intend to wed.

Our brow was sad—our eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath!
I sought him with indignant brow,
And read to him our fearful vow!
He only answered, "Too late now!"

"Too late?" said I: "O, wretched man,
Return to freedom while you can!
Return, and rest thy weary feet
Within the Bachelor's safe retreat!"
He only said, "To wed is sweet."

"Beware!" I said, with hissing breath;
"Return and live—refusal's death!"
A tear stood in his dark blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"If one *must* be, then let me—die!"

At this his tears began to flow;
His cheeks became as white as snow;
With quivering lip and bended knee
He begged the body pityingly
To mitigate the stern decree.

I looked upon his blanched cheek,
And for a moment could not speak;
Then sorrow for his present state,
And pity for his future fate
Assuaged my anger and my hate.

"Illustrious Fraud," said I, "arise!—
Get up and wipe your weeping eyes;
Thou'rt Hymen's now, but let me tell,
Thou'lt expiate thy crime full well
Before the summer blossoms swell."

The Rum Crusade*

O THIS woman's agitation,
Is a bone of aggravation
To the trafficker in Rum!
And there's every indication
That the present agitation
Is a most portentous hum
Of a mighty tribulation
In a terror yet to come.

Go, in imagination,
To the local habitation
Of the trafficker in Rum!
See, the ladies' deputation,
Of the highest rank and station,
To the premises they come!
'Tis a painful visitation,
Though, undoubtedly, to some.

Yet, there is no hesitation
In the room of defamation
Of the trafficker in Rum;

*The Woman's Rum Crusade, in some of the Western States, especially in Ohio, some years ago, will be recalled by this poem.

But a word of explanation,
And a brief interrogation,
And the praying is begun,
To the utter consternation
Of the trafficker in Rum!

All in vain, expostulation!
All in vain, denunciation,
From the trafficker in Rum!
For this woman's deputation,
In this work of reformation,
I believe, are deaf and dumb
To all the profanation,
And the base insinuation,
Of the trafficker in Rum.

"Hold! I pray! a brief cessation
For a reconciliation,"
Says the trafficker in Rum;
"Not," says the deputation,
With a firm determination,
"Till the enemy succumb,
Shall we quit your habitation,
Mister trafficker in Rum!"

Now, it needs not divination,
To discern the situation
Of the trafficker in Rum,
For did woman's combination
Ever fail of consummation?
Nay, all history is mum!
Then, it bodes annihilation
To the trafficker in Rum!

A Birthday Wish

WHAT the little bud is
To the full-blown flower;
What the tiny rain drop,
To the summer's shower;
What the simple smile is
To the peal of laughter,—
May the joys of this day
Be to those hereafter.

To Lizzie

AN autograph, Lizzie,
Is simple and easy,
I haven't the heart to refuse it,
Though it doesn't appear
To my mind very clear,
Just how you can manage to use it.

And now let me write it
As the heart shall indite it:
Wherever your steps may incline,
May the bounty of wealth
And the blessing of health,
And the grace of the Master be thine.

On a Short Acquaintance

IF first impressions last for aye,
I'll look upon thee as a brother;
If first impressions wear away,
We only then mistook each other.

A Valentine

O SHE is wondrous, wondrous fair,
My Valentine!
Her eyes, a deep sky-blue; her hair
Just tinged enough with gold to snare
A heart like mine,
My Valentine.

I cannot live except for thee,
My Valentine;
The sun will rise no more for me
When once it rises not in thee,
My ray divine,
My Valentine!

A Lost Day

'TIS said no loss do we sustain
But has its compensating gain;
It is not true; there is no way
To make amends for one lost day.

Fret To-Morrow

IF Fortune for a day or two
Should hide her sunny face from view,
Or even some reverses send,
Pray what's the use of sitting down,
And with a woful face and frown
Bewailing what you cannot mend?

Be up and doing! Let to-morrow
Be the day of fret and sorrow—
Favoring currents will not wait;
To-day dame Fortune may be nigh
Your door again, and pass you by,
While you sit moaning at the gate.

Epitaph—John D. Williams

IT is not sleep; it is not death—
A simple change of state, dear John,
The vital spark, the living breath—
Still lives and thinks, and studies on.

Burns

SWEET Bard of Ayr, the one who sung
For all the world in Scottish tongue,
Who music heard or beauty saw
In Nature's every form and law;
There grew on heather wild nor lea
A flower too small for thee to see.
The jeweled canopy o'erhead,
The verdant carpet 'neath it spread,
With field, and wood, and bird, and brook,
Were all to thee an open book.
But though thy Muse encompassed these
With such delightful skill and ease,
She sang for men her sweetest parts
Whene'er she sang of human hearts.
These homely lays so true, so free,
Were first to wake the Muse in me;
And here I give thee, bard of fame,
A humble tribute to thy name;
A name by every heart held dear
That ever loved or shed a tear.

Charade

I LIVE in the vessel,
Likewise in the wave:
I'm dead in the coffin,
But live in the grave.
I'm part of all virtue,
Yet care not for truth,
And love all that is venal
In age or in youth;
Though I rove with the vicious
I care not for pleasure,
And sing with the jovial
Without tune or measure:
I always go single
Without any trouble,
And yet in your wallet
I'd rather be double.

Prefer To Be Right

PREFER to be right
Though the least in the throng,
Than to shine as a light
On the side that is wrong.

Invocation!

MY FATHER: Thou hast been to me
Much more than kind in all these years:
From days of infancy until now
Thy loving hand in tenderness appears.
When almost spent within its sheath,
With uncertain end,
Thou didst upon the ember breathe
And new life send;
And when at last there came
The strength of years to me,
I found that strength to be
But feebleness except in Thee.
With mine infirmity,
And even with my sin,
Thou hast borne as patiently
As if it had not been.
Shall I, therefore,
Recipient free
Of blessings o'er and o'er,
Not testify of Thee?
Nay, for Thou has led
By ways I knew not of;

I knew not then the end ;
I only knew the hand that led
Was guided by a Father's love.
And now, if Thou hast given me
To cast a wayside seed for Thee,
Wilt Thou not water it, also,
With heavenly dew that it may grow ?

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 940 203 4